VOL. LXIV. 1676

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

In the heat of the day

In the cool of the evening

There's nothing like a Guinness to refresh you

G.E. 772.C

Look! Here's a Golden Opportunity

FILL IN THE FREE ENTRY

Further free Baby Items appear each day

for every reader of "John Bull"!

HOLIDAY MUSIC COMPETITION

£2,500 MUST BE WON Free

For Selecting the Best

MILITARY BAND HOLIDAY MUSIC PROGRAMME

THERE'S music in the air—the holiday bands are playing! And every band will be playing golden "notes" for you. The "Daily Herald" has launched another colossal FREE-to-ALL Cash Prize Competition—a wonderful new summertime thrill. Think of it—holiday bands may help you to win a fortune. There is nothing whatever to pay! Two Thousand Pounds is the Mammoth First Prize which must be won for selecting just Twelve Musical Items that would provide the best Military Band Programme for an open-air concert at a seaside holiday resort!

£2,000 for choosing twelve tunes! Here's a glorious height-of-the-season thrill that may make all your dreams come true. On the Entry Form are listed 28 popular and well-known musical items—melodies that you've heard everywhere on the radio and on gramophone records and played by orchestras and bands of every kind—tunes which will this summer be heard over and over again by happy holiday makers in every seaside resort in the land. Everyone knows that it's the choice of the right programme that makes a band performance go with a swing. Here is YOUR opportunity to build a band programme that may win you TWO THOUSAND POUNDS! Read through the list of 28 Musical Items and make your first selection by completing the special Entry Form for readers of "JOHN BULL" now. Are you ready? The band's striking up. LET'S GO!

HOW TO ENTER THIS COMPETITION

To enter this Competition simply place a Cross (X) against each of the twelve Musical Items you select, in the blank spaces provided on the Entry Form on right. This Competition is FREE, there is no entry fee of any kind, and both the First Prize of £2,000 and the Second Prize of £500 Must be Won. An Entry Form will be published regularly in the "Daily Herald" during the run of the Competition. No Competitor may send in more than one Entry Form from this announcement and one from each day's issue of the "Daily Herald." Each envelope must contain entries from one competitor only. Envelopes must be sealed and bear the correct postage. Keep a copy of your Entries and a note of the number of envelopes submitted.

★ **You can send in as many entries as you like. Remember—the more entries you send, the more opportunities you are giving yourself of winning a fortune.**

Address your entries:
"HOLIDAY MUSIC PROGRAMME" COMPETITION, "DAILY HERALD," 219, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Full rules and conditions of the Competition will be published in the "Daily Herald" at frequent intervals.

WIN A FORTUNE!
Fill in the Free Entry Form for "John Bull" readers TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

'Daily Herald' 'Holiday Music' Competition

£2,500 MUST BE WON £2,000 FIRST PRIZE £500 SECOND PRIZE

FREE ENTRY FORM J.1.

From the list of 28 Musical Items given below, choose the 12 which would provide the best Military Band Holiday Music Programme by placing a Cross (X) against those you select in the blank spaces below. Insert 12 Crosses only or you will be disqualified. No order of merit is required. Ink must be used.

Competitors must keep an accurate copy of their entries (including Entry Form Numbers) and a note of number of envelopes submitted. Key numbers are sufficient record of items selected—see left-hand Column of Entry Form.

1	Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life (Cornet Solo)	
2	Belle of New York (Selection)	
3	Bells Across the Meadow	
4	Bells of St. Mary's	
5	Cavalleria Rusticana (Intermezzo)	
6	Firefly (Selection)	
7	Grasshoppers' Dance	
8	Humoresque (Dvorak)	
9	Lambeth Walk	
10	Life on the Ocean (Selection)	
11	Light Cavalry (Overture)	
12	Lilac Time (Selection)	
13	Little Drummer Boy	
14	Nell Gwynn Dances	
15	Peer Gynt (Suite)	
16	Policeman's Holiday	
17	Pomp and Circumstance No. 1 (March)	
18	Post Horn Galop	
19	Raymond (Overture)	
20	Rosalie (Selection)	
21	Roses of the South (Waltz)	
22	Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (Selection)	
23	Sweethearts of Yesterday	
24	Tales from the Vienna Woods (Waltz)	
25	Teddy Bears' Picnic	
26	Thanks for the Memory	
27	Three Blind Mice	
28	Until (Cornet Solo)	

Write in Ink—Please Write Clearly.

I agree to abide by all the rules and conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final and legally binding the Finding of the Adjudication Committee and or the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all other matters appertaining to this Competition.

Signed .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Full Postal Address .....

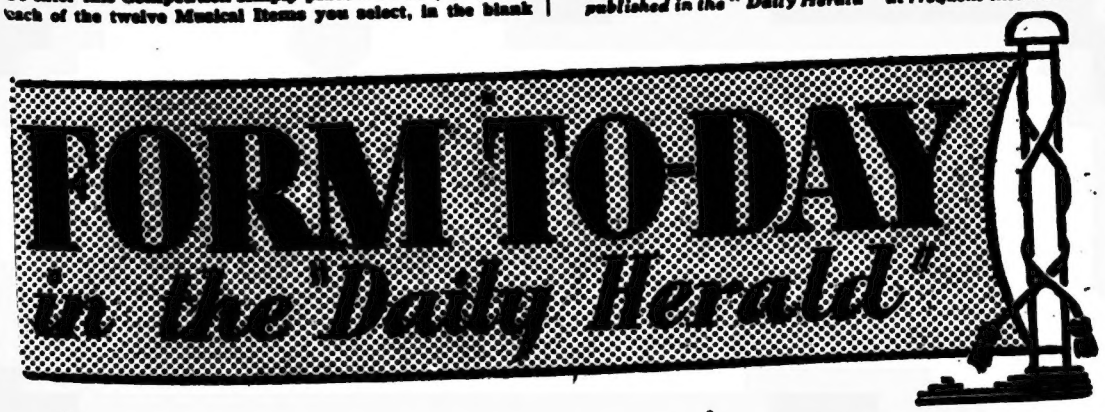
.....

A FREE Entry Form appears regularly in the "Daily Herald" until the close of this Competition. Competitors may send in their Entries each day or keep Entries carefully until they have them all complete, then send them in all together in one envelope. "John Bull," 30/7/38.

You MUST write your surname, initials and full postal address on the back of your envelope.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE



EX-VAN BOY WHO SAVED 2/1d EVERY WEEK NOW HAS FLEET OF LIMOUSINES

HE HAS DONE IT — SO CAN YOU!

HOW I HATED being rattled along on the back of a delivery van every day! I worked out a dozen schemes to get rich—

—But they all needed some *capital*. Parson told me to stop smoking, but I needed my 30-a-day—most men do.

Then at last I found the way—changing to PLUS TWO I got my 30 full-size fags as usual, and I BANKED 2/1 EVERY SATURDAY

That PLUS TWO saving started my fortune! Soon I had made the first payment on my own van—started earning big money *for myself*.

I put the dough back in the business—worked hard—soon I ran the biggest fleet of motor vans in the county.

And now I've made it—own a yacht, a mansion, have scores of famous friends! I pay top prices for everything I buy—except smokes—because PLUS TWO are still the right smokes for me . . . as they are for you.

'A lesson for every ambitious young man!'

Money is Power! Money makes money! And *you* can do exactly what this lad did—put aside 2/1 every week FREE—well over eight shillings a month for nothing! It's a gift! If you smoke 30 'ten-for-sixpennies' a day—most men do—you simply switch over to the new full-size, fat, cool, refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes—every bit as big and as good as the best 'ten-for-six-pennies'—and TWO SHILLINGS AND ONE PENNY goes rattling into your money-box *regular* every Saturday! Here's how it's done—You buy *cigarettes only* when you buy PLUS TWO'S, you don't pay for fancy frills and wrappings—and that's why you get TWO MORE full-size cigarettes for your tanner. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there's *four extra* full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit!

SAVE—yet get cigarettes every bit as big and as good—thanks to NO FRILL packing!

Remember—only a full-size cigarette can give you a *full-flavour* smoke.

We have lodged a sworn testimony with the Westminster Bank Ltd.—that only pure and unadulterated tobacco of the finest crops is used in PLUS TWO'S. So it's not a chance you're taking—it's a winner—a cert—a natural! Cash in on it; get your first packet of PLUS TWO'S and start piling up this terrific Cash Bonus saving—NOW!

PLUS TWO Full size CIGARETTES

Every bit as big and as good-packed without frills—save you MONEY!

12 CIGARETTES FOR 6d
24 CIGARETTES FOR 11½d
6 CIGARETTES FOR 3d

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

ALSO CORK TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Telephone:* Temple Bar 2468. Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 30, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

Holiday Idea for Every Man
No Ban on Sunday Games
Scrap Public Schools!

LET'S welcome August, month of holidays! Welcome August Monday, the nation's biggest outdoor romp!

For all, a season of rest and recreation. For the young, a time of adventure—perhaps of romance! A brief respite from toil for the toiling millions, a chance for every man to call not only his soul, but his time, his own!

JOHN BULL hopes it keeps fine for one and all.

Left Undone

Holidays for Ministers and M.P.s, too. Unless there's an unexpected hitch, off they go this week-end, and away they'll stay for three months.

Off they go, leaving undone many things that they ought to have done: no suppression of bogus clubs, no prison reform, no abolition of birching, no belated reorganisation of electricity distribution!

Done Badly

A Coal Act, nationalising royalties and seeking to reorganise the industry—but amended as far as the Government dare at the behest of mine and mineral owners.

A Holidays with Pay Act that doesn't grant holidays with pay at all—but merely allows trade boards and agricultural wage committees to grant them if they wish.

Otherwise a session devoted mainly to defence and foreign policy: dominated by war-fears and war-thoughts—how to avoid war, how to meet it, and how to pay for it.

Salute the Privates

Ministers have had neither time nor money for big measures of social reform. But much good work by Private Members.

JOHN BULL takes off his hat to:

Miss Ellen Wilkinson—for hire-purchase reform;

Mr. W. F. Higgs—for protecting small leaseholders against rapacious landlords;

Mr. Stanley Holmes—for safeguarding near relatives against harsh will-makers;

Dr. Haden Guest and Mr. J. W. Banfield—for better working conditions for bakers;

Mr. W. R. Perkins—for street playgrounds for children.

Blow to the Strike

"To-day the strike weapon is out of date." So said Mr. Joseph Jones in his presidential address to the miners' annual conference.

But note that he did not rule out strikes altogether.

If employers were intractable, he pointed out, a strike might be necessary in the last resort.

Rod in Pickle

If workers can get justice without striking, it's obviously foolish to strike. But the threat of withdrawing labour is a union's strongest weapon. It may keep it in reserve, but it can't afford to renounce it.

Take the coal industry's new centralised selling schemes. One of their main objects was to increase the industry's receipts so that higher wages could be paid.

These schemes were established only after threat of a national strike.

Middlemen's Harvest

The selling schemes have improved the industry's receipts all right. But, according to Mr. Jones, only one-fifth of the benefit has gone to workers. The rest goes to owners, and, above all, middlemen.

The public are ready to pay more for coal to benefit miners.

But not to swell middlemen's profits.

Ministers started an enquiry into coal distribution some time ago.

As soon as results are to hand, they should act.

Cheapen the cost of selling coal; give more to the men who raise it!

Thanks to Mr. Bourne

Revise abortion law! That's the lesson of Mr. Aleck Bourne's case.

A committee under Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., has been investigating abortion law generally for some time.

Thanks to Mr. Bourne, more attention may now be paid to its findings, and action speeded up.

Strong Argument

Abortion by unskilful hands or for unworthy motives cannot be too strongly condemned. In what cases it should be performed even by doctors is a matter of sharp controversy.

But never is the argument for it stronger than when, as in Mr. Bourne's case, the potential mother was a youthful victim of rape.

What is the Law?

This case has not made new law. Abortion was always permissible to save the mother's life. The jury merely found Mr. Bourne's case to be within the law as laid down by the judge.

The acquittal of this distinguished surgeon does not in fact give any more latitude in such matters than hitherto.

The exact limits of the law are still in grave doubt.

Morals and Meddling

Much opposition to progressive legislation on sex questions springs from a mistaken notion of the State's functions.

The State exists to promote the conditions in which citizens can best lead their own lives, not to determine how those lives shall be led.

Morals are Parliament's business only so far as they affect public health or public order. It is not for the State to enforce morals as such.

Sunday Rights

Many religious bodies are exercised about birth control. Methodists can't make up their minds about it. But other sects boldly proclaim it immoral.

They've a perfect right to do so. They've also the right to persuade people that it's immoral. But they've no right to ask the State, on moral grounds, to forbid it.

Some may think Sabbath pastimes wrong. They are entitled to say so, and to try to make others think so. But they should not expect the State to ban Sunday games for those who don't think so.

Empty Desks

Signs that the so-called "public" schools are beginning to suffer from the falling birth-rate.

St. Bees, small Cumberland school, cuts fees to attract more pupils. An ancient Yorkshire grammar school goes "co-ed" to fill empty desks.

Unless the birth-rate turns sharply up, more and more "public" schools will find it hard to carry on. That will hasten the day when "public" and secondary schools are merged in a single higher education system.

Not-so-Public

In secondary education the State has left the "public" schools to the upper and middle classes, and set up its own secondary schools for everyone else.

This is a bad system, because it makes for class distinctions. It can also be unfair. Many secondary schools are as good as "public" schools, if not better.

But there is this big difference: A parent choosing a "public" school for his son has the pick of the whole country. The secondary school child, however, must, for the most part, take his chance in the local school—good, bad or indifferent.

Health for All!

A general medical service for the nation! This was the idea approved in principle by the British Medical Association last week.

A system, based on a family doctor for everyone, aiming at prevention as well as cure. This is a scheme such as JOHN BULL has long advocated.

Now get on with the job. Fill in the details. Send them up to Parliament in time for next session!

Let every town make this possible!

Welcome New Seaside Camps

BEST holiday idea of the year comes from two London Boroughs.

Holborn started it.

That poor but populous district is going to have its own holiday camp on the East Coast for its citizens' benefit.

And it will be a real seaside colony.

Sleeping chalets for each family. Tents. Restaurant. Amusements in plenty.

Because a Government grant will be made, building and running the camp shouldn't cost ratepayers a farthing.

And they and their families will be able to enjoy their holiday at the cheapest possible price.

Now Lambeth, another working-class borough, is determined to do the same.

The plan must be adopted by every town.

Otherwise Holidays - with - Pay (when they come) may result in profiteering, certainly in grave shortage of accommodation.

Will you do your bit? Make your local council discuss the idea.

The National Fitness Act allows grants for holiday camps.

Britain must have them!

VOICE of the PEOPLE

WE moved our home from London to Clacton believing, among other things, that the sea is free.

Now we find that for the family to have a daily dip—making no use whatsoever of council facilities—will cost us 7s. 6d. a week.

And our freedom is supposed to be so much linked up with the sea!—A. F. Deane, King's Avenue, Holland-on-Sea, Essex.

The sea is free, but not the approach to it. Worst sea-front scandal is purchase of cliffs and beaches by private syndicates which form clubs and exact heavy subscriptions from people wanting to bathe, taste the sea air, etc.

Blown Up!

In the smart Army of to-day creased trousers are expected, and pressing is done by putting your trousers under the mattress.

The sergeant blew up when a recruit paraded in baggy garments. "I thought I told you to sleep on them," he exploded.

"So you did, sergeant," said the rookie, "but I'm a light sleeper."—Ex-Corporal Henry Mitchell (Black Watch), County Buildings, Ayr, Scotland.

Puzzler

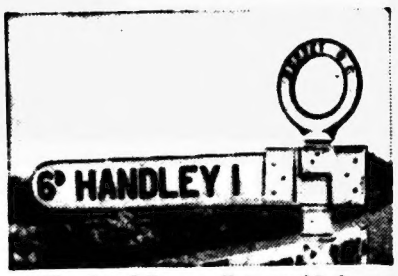
A bowler clean bowled three batsmen with successive balls.

First he hit the off stump Then the middle stump. Last the leg stump. Yet only two stumps were hit.

I bet the great "Don" himself wouldn't know why!—S. Careless, 37, Priory Road, Olcester, Warwick.

(Answer at bottom of column 4.)

This wasn't the ham sandwich wanted by Mr. H. T. Comerford, of 2, Grantbridge Street, Islington, N.1, when out motoring.



No head-line artist could have told Mr. A. D. Usher, 44, The Manor Drive, Worcester Park, Surrey, in fewer words that it was one mile to Sixpenny Handley, Dorset.

Can you see that grass verge? Mr. A. F. Tomsett, 9, Hillbrow Road, Ashford, Kent, searched the shingle between Greatstone and Dungeness, Kent, and couldn't find a blade.

She'll Forgive Us

There are only five words in the English language ending with the letters f-l-o-w-e-r. Four of them are mayflower, sunflower, wallflower and cauliflower.

The only other one I have forgotten, I am sorry to say.—Miss Ada Browning, 39, Selsey Street, London, E.14.

Perhaps it is gillyflower? Or globeflower? Or cornflower?

World's Best

When my baby brother was born last September my mother died, leaving my father with six children. I am now fourteen, and the eldest.

He could have sent us all away, but he wouldn't break up a happy home. So I have worked hard to keep us together. Thanks to him we are a happy family in a happy home.

There isn't a better father in the world.

I do hope that no father will send his children away.—Miss Drugden, Queen's Road, Wimbledon.

What a tribute—"World's Best Father"—coming as it does from the world's best daughter.

Spare their Blushes

Trunks are the male swim-wear this year. You can hardly buy anything else.

Yet Manchester Corporation Baths Committee insist that we wear full-length bathing-costumes for mixed bathing. Authority, apparently, doesn't move with fashion.—J. E. Lawrance, Moss House Terrace, Slack Road, Blackby.

Old Soldiers——

There lives in Bangalore, India, an old retired soldier—he served through the Indian Mutiny—who is 106.

I told his grandson he could acquire the old fellow's birth certificate from the White House, Dublin. That's how I know.

Surely he is the oldest living British soldier?—M. W. S. Burkhill, B.B. and C.I. Railway, Mhow, Central India.

Royal Hospital, Chelsea, say he is certainly the Empire's oldest soldier if the facts can be substantiated. Contrary to the statement that "Old soldiers never die," the Chelsea Hospital has never had a centenarian as a pensioner, so they would be very grateful to receive fuller details about this veteran.

Ironic

Did you listen to it? On a Saturday night, of all times!

London Regional: "Cosi Fan Tutte," Act 2.
Midland Regional: As Regional.
North Regional: As North of Ireland.
West of England: As North of Ireland.
Wales: As North of Ireland.
North of Ireland: "Cosi Fan Tutte," Act 2.
Scottish: As Regional.
Aberdeen: As Regional.
Stagshaw: As Regional.

I repeat—it was on Saturday night. And at 9.15!—H. Edditts, Long Street, Dursley, Glos.

Mozart's delightful piece of irony, 'Cosi Fan Tutte," was hardly heard at all in this country for nearly 150 years. Now it is something of an operatic rage. The B.B.C., like the opera companies, seems to be making up for lost time.

Try Tortoises!

Everybody's keeping tortoises round here. They are said to rid gardens of that arch-fiend, the slug—yet tortoises are vegetarian, and like dandelions best.—G. C., Cromlix Road, Perth.

Some types are fierce, some friendly: some meat-eating, others vegetarian. Those popular as pets here (*Testudo Græca*: native to Greece) are certainly vegetarian, but—laugh if you will—gardeners swear that slugs won't stay in the same garden with them!

Heartbreak Pay

Territorial camps are in full swing.

In every camp there are men in good jobs and pals who are out of work.

As a "terrier" myself, I know with what heartbreak the latter see the former sending money and presents home to their wives and kiddies.

The unemployed man gets no "dole" when in camp. Often the pay while in camp is less than the "dole." Such men have to send home every single penny—and then it is far from enough. —R. Cracknell, Hull, Yorks.

Let Minister of Labour Brown and War Minister Hore-Belisha do something about it.

Babe in the Wood

Local plain-clothes police have raided an illegal cock-fighting tourney at a lonely farm near here.

Most of the onlookers ran away. But a friend of mine, who is corpulent, and certainly not built for speed, hid behind a tree which scarcely hid his finger, and where he was joined by another man.

After some minutes my friend asked the companion: "Have the police gone? Is it safe yet?" To which he got the alarming reply: "I don't think they have. I'm one. Name and address, please."—R. D. Humber, Fountain Cottage, The Square, Milnthorpe, Westmorland.

Solution of problem letter in column 1: Third batsman was left-handed.

HOLIDAY TALK . . .

DON'T forget to take your usual precautions when you go on holiday this year.

Leave a note on the door: "Not at home next week." Draw your blinds. Do all you can to draw attention to the fact that the house is empty. Leave a ladder propped against a window, if possible.

And food and drink for the burglars, as an act of politeness. You'll be bound to get them.—A. E. Wade, Fall Lane, East Ardsley, near Wakefield.

FOR as long as any living person can remember there has been a storm at sea off the picturesque Yorkshire holiday village of Robin Hood's bay.

What I mean is that the Storm family there has wrested a living from the sea for generations.

And Reuben Storm, at eighty-four, can still carry a hundredweight load against any young "salt" you can name.—W. P. Riley, 16, South End Avenue, Bramley, Leeds.

HOLIDAYING, I shall see again the picturesque, rose-covered cottage that once entranced me.

I shall no longer be enthralled. I happened to be told about its tuberculosis history. I don't see the roses now. I see its unhealthy site, damp walls, small airtight windows.—John Weston, 87, Lisvane Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

WE have as a friend a woman nearly ninety, who regrets she won't spend a holiday climbing great heights this year. Her breathing won't permit it.

As she climbed Snowdon in her sixties, and the Heights of Abraham, Matlock, since she reached eighty, I don't suppose she will spend all her time in a deck-chair.—D. Moss, 16, St. Anne's Cottages, William Street, Derby.

CAN'T you imagine what the Swiss people who are giving a free holiday to underfed children from the distressed areas of South Wales think of this country?—C. Brett, Hill Road, Portchester.

AUGUST Bank Holiday Week is the time when all the poorest people—save those too poor to have a holiday—are at the seaside.

It is also the week when the prices for accommodation are highest.

On that one fact alone we should have staggered holidays. All these pages and pages of talk on the subject in Parliament and local councils are superfluous.—O. R. L., Clarence Way, Kentish Town, N.W.1.

I AM taking a class of thirty-two elementary school-children on a holiday.

I find that only nineteen have ever seen a wheat field, seven an oat field, six a barley field. It shows how Britain is going out of cultivation.—B. M., Otley Old Road, Leeds.

(Turn to page 17.)

I WONDER what holiday visitors to Ypres will think as they stand at the Menin Gate. What a surge of memories will overtake them!

But how sorry I am about one harsh note—that the Last Post should be played each night by Belgian civilians, who, sympathetic though they are, cannot take the place of one ex-Tommy in uniform. —Mrs. A. Allen, 27, Ingatestone Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

We Want to Know!

What you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
Greatest of These— .... Page 28
Human Documents .... Page 28
True Story ..... Page 30

- *Falling trade*
- *Fewer ships and seamen*
- *Terrible conditions*

So—

What About the RED DUSTER?

A fine fellow, the Merchant Serviceman—everyone agrees. But no one lifts a finger to assure him a fair deal

Without Fear or Favour

Every schoolboy knows that the British Merchant Service is the very foundation of this island nation's life.

It is not merely a great employing industry finding work and wages, directly and indirectly, for 350,000 men. It is—seeing that 70 per cent. of our foodstuffs and 60 per cent. of our raw materials have to be imported—the most important industry of all.

To impair its efficiency, to allow its preeminence to decay, means the certain economic smash-up of this country, and the Empire.

Yet only a few days ago the country was shocked by the news that this vital industry was facing the gravest crisis in its history.

Put bluntly, the position is this. To-day, Britain possesses 2,000 fewer vessels than it did in 1914, and 3,500,000 less tonnage.

In 1914 Britain possessed 48 per cent. of the total world's shipping tonnage. To-day, excluding oil tankers, we have 28 per cent.

Our total tonnage for carrying food and raw materials has shrunk to 15,000,000 tons. During the last war, when we had lost 7,000,000 tons (which we could better afford in those days), we were brought down to ration cards in a few months. We nearly lost the war on food and supplies.

If the same amount were destroyed to-day, our position would be hopeless because our carrying capacity would be cut in half. Our position, for Defence purposes, is even worse than the tonnage figures imply.

To-day there are 5,500,000 more mouths to feed than in 1914, and 2,000 fewer ships to carry food to them. It is true that we have more oil tankers. But you cannot pipe petrol and crude oil into stew-pots.

Another danger from the Defence angle is that ships to-day are bigger than they were in 1914, so they present a bigger target for submarines. An enemy has to sink fewer ships to get a great loss in tonnage.

It is right to put the Defence point of view first, because for the past year or two the Government have been talking about nothing else. But in all its "long term" programmes for the protection of this country, in all its plans for spending countless millions, where does the Merchant Service come in? Nowhere.

Yet without that same service developed to the highest point of efficiency our grandiose projects for Fleet, Army and Air arms are not worth much.

Men have to be carried. Men and weapons and war factories have to be fed, each in their kind and degree. There is a vast amount of fetching and carrying to be done, and only a decaying, dying Service to do it.

What about Britain's trade and industries, all depending on the Merchant Service?

In 1933 Baldwin, on one of the few occasions that he had ever deigned to mention the Red Ensign, and with his brand-new National Government behind him, was very bold in his utterance. About as bold as Donald Duck. . . .

He said, "We are not going to see British ships swept off the ocean."

He wasn't, eh? Well, to-day, five years after those brave words, the Far Eastern trade has gone, the Colonial inter-Pacific trade has gone, the Russian and Baltic trade has gone, and the River Plate trade is going fast.

The Japs are now carrying 75 per cent. of the Calcutta-China-Japan trade which before and just after the war was nearly 100 per cent. British.

Russian ships carry 100 per cent. of our exports to that country and the Baltic, 60 per cent. of our imports.

Most of the big Pacific trade between our own Empire possessions, such as Canada-Australia, India-Australia and similar routes, has passed into the hands of the Americans and the Japanese. They have carved up 70 per cent. of the traffic between them.

Lastly, the River Plate trade, formerly almost a monopoly of British shipping, is declining so fast that even in the past two years it has dropped from the previous low level of 51 to 40 per cent.

You find the same picture of maritime decay in the liner and passenger trade. The number of British liners plying the Southampton-U.S. route have gone down from 27 to 16 in two years. During the same period the number of foreign liners working this route have gone *up* from 21 to 28.

Side by side with this disappearance of the "Red Duster" from the seas, there has been a disastrous fall in the numbers of men to man the ships.

The blame for this rests equally between the Government and the shipowners. For, added to low wages are shocking living conditions, bad food and hours of labour which no worker ashore would tolerate for a moment.

Such a state of affairs is the rule and not the exception in the British Merchant Marine.

We have been hearing a lot about the Board of Trade instructions issued a couple of years ago for improving seamen's accommodation—such matters as moving quarters aft or amidships away from dark, damp, ill-ventilated fo'csles; and providing bedding and hot-water systems for baths. Some shipowners have given themselves a public pat on the back for making these improvements.

But what should not be forgotten is that only a comparative few of the newer ships have had these changes made; and that, even so, they still fall below the general level of accommodation in other country's ships—like the Scandinavian or American.

Finally, what few belated improvements have been effected have come into being during the period when a £1,000,000-a-year Government "tramp subsidy" has been in operation.

In other words, the cost of providing more civilised living conditions for a few seamen has come out of the taxpayer's pocket and not the shipowner's.

That the improvements are not general can be proved from statements of experts like the Port Medical Officer of Hull, who stated recently that in the majority of ships entering the docks of that city the crew accommodation is, "in the opinion of a sanitarian, quite unsuited for human habitation."

And the food! British seamen are still being fed on a scale drawn up by the Board of Trade in 1906. Under this scale a man gets a 3-lb. loaf and two ounces of tea to last him a week. One tin of condensed milk must last three weeks. On the other hand, old-fashioned items like salt beef and salt pork are excessive according to modern health ideas.

It is quite common for men never to see a fresh egg or fresh fruit during an entire voyage, although they may touch at scores of ports where such items are dirt cheap.

Is there any wonder, then, that the supply o' man-power for the Mercantile Marine is falling off?

Sir Thomas Inskip gave the House, the other day, some figures which we can only call misleading. He totted up available tonnage in an attempt to show we were not so badly off for Defence purposes as his critics alleged.

But in those figures he included Dominion and Colonial shipping which, in the event of hostilities, would be about as much good to Britain herself as an anti-aircraft battery parked in Tasmania.

There are several ways by which the present inroads of foreign competition could be arrested. There is the imports trade lever, for one. We are at this moment hoarding wheat and sugar and allowing most of it to be carried in foreign ships to this country.

We control both ends of our Empire trade, and yet we let the foreigners cut in and take the traffic away from us!

We have to keep up a Budget of £1,000 millions a year, and yet we are allowing trade to be taken away from us!

We want to thank the President of the Board o. Trade very much for all he and his predecessors in office have done in their spare time for British shipping—and to say good-bye.

Because now it is a whole-time job—one of the biggest, perhaps, which the country has to face—and we want a whole-time Ministry of Shipping to deal with it.

L. G.

—farmer, writer, traveller . . . and still the greatest Parliamentarian of them all

Lloyd George—the older he gets, the younger he looks . . .

"I AM a countryman. I always was a countryman. Now I can indulge my likings."

So Lloyd George describes his retirement. He doesn't look it, in his spreading cape, which reminds me of Elijah's mantle, with his long hair waving in the wind.

After years of poverty—he is now a rich man. He uses his money, not in self-indulgence, except that occasionally he takes tours to Ceylon, Morocco, the West Indies or the South of France, for instance, but to prove that farming pays.

You would not believe it, but the older L. G. gets the younger he looks. White as are his flowing locks, he exudes, at the age of seventy-six, an intense vitality. He greets you with eagerness. His conversation is punctuated with delighted chuckles. He obviously enjoys his life. And yet he works hard, even when he is playing.

"I am a farmer."

And, so saying, he drives you out to look at his land, a whole square mile of it.

WHEN, in 1921, he bought an estate at Churt, in Surrey, it found work for merely two gamekeepers. Now L. G., the master farmer, employs forty-five landworkers. He pays them town wages—and he boasts that he makes farming pay.

"What I have done, the State can do," he says, taking you through his greenhouses, picking tomatoes for you to bring away, showing you his fruit-trees, hundreds of them, gazing at the land being ploughed and watered with artificial rain, and the work being done.

Mind you, the old politician is not dead in him. Every few weeks you see him stand up in the House of Commons, which for forty years has been his battleground. And then, cleverest Eldest Statesman of them all, he is the master of Parliament—ironic, biting, bitter, jeering, and yet impressive.

I know many men who are world-famous. The most fascinating of them all, to meet, is L. G. Nothing is hidden, when you talk to him. If you are frank, as I am, back he comes with something much more revealing.

ONCE he failed me.

"What is your Bardic title, Hannen?" he asked me.

"Llais y Werin," I replied. "In case you don't understand Welsh, it means 'Voice of the People.' I suppose you're the Voice of God."

To that L. G. had no reply, except a pouring of merriment from his eyes and a guffaw of appreciative laughter.

I stood with him, once, at Criccieth where, as a poor boy, he was educated by his cobbler uncle, a man of great character, whose memory L. G. venerates. Built not far from where his boyhood was lived in a cottage, his Criccieth mansion is not luxurious, but comfortable, and in it L. G. is now virtually the local squire, to whom all and sundry go with their troubles.

THERE L. G. spoke of his early struggles, tried to make me taste some mead made from his own honey, while I saw, on the sitting-room wall, a map of the battle-line in France, one signed, in deep appreciation, by Field-Marshal Haig, who little dreamed that, in the days to come, L. G. would, in his "War Memoirs," denounce him for his cruel waste of human life at Passchendaele.

Yes, at Criccieth, generally, L. G. thinks back on his past. At Churt, which lies among the finest beauties of a part of Surrey still unspoiled, and where he has built a modern house much larger than the one in North Wales, he talks more of the present and of the future, the England that could be, if only other farmers were encouraged to do what he is rich enough to do for himself.

There you see in his sitting-room a collection of caskets given him by cities and towns for winning the war.

"I got all those for killing my fellow-men," L. G. said to me, cynically. "All of those represent bloodshed. Now, you remember my work for social reform before the war—National Health Insurance and all that sort of thing. Nobody gave me anything for that."

When I printed that statement, a month or so ago, an old-age pensioner living in Liverpool sent me anonymously, so that I could give it to Lloyd George, a postal order for a shilling, the start of a memorial fund. I could not send it back, because I knew of no address. So I sent it to L. G.,

Then, for the old man, he wrote, "It is a reward and an encouragement to me to know that my efforts towards lightening the burden of old age are appreciated in some quarters. I hope you will live long to enjoy your old-age pension."

But that letter I cannot send, either. So I print it here, hoping the old man will read it.

Nearly always when I see L. G. he is either writing, discussing an article or a book, or resting after some hours with his pen. In the last six years he has written two books, one on the War and one on the Peace, together 1,550,000 words, and, in addition to those, hundreds of weekly articles for the American newspapers.

His method is meticulous. Sylvester, his political secretary, keeps, in L. G.'s office at Thames House, Millbank, a complete dossier of every paper that L. G. got during the war—"I am an old solicitor and so I keep all the evidence," he has told me—while, after L. G. has written it out in his own handwriting, getting up early in the morning to do so, Miss Stevenson, his personal secretary, supervises the typing of the manuscript. It is all checked.

"They can't contradict me," boasts the ex-Premier. "They cannot prove me wrong. They know that I've got the papers."

Now, Lloyd George is not only a terrible embarrassment to the Government, for he loves to spill the beans, but, by a strange paradox, he is a thorn in the side of the Labour Party, which he seeks to help.

"We have got to get this lot out," he says, bitter about Baldwin in the past, cynical about Chamberlain in the present, contemptuous of all the Hailshams and Inskips and Simons. "In the interests of peace, they must go."

AND so, whenever there is a by-election, and his Council of Action has a strong local branch and there is a considerable Liberal vote in the neighbourhood, he goes down and speaks on the Labour side. Strangely enough, Labour hates it.

When he went down to Derby his oratory did a lot to ensure the return of Philip Noel-Baker, an expert on foreign policy, whom L. G. greatly admires. But Labour did not like it.

When at Balham and Tooting, soon after, there was another by-election, Lloyd George was so unwelcome that he did not go.

Lloyd George cannot understand that. Yet he is not always successful, even when he butts in. At Stafford, on a Bank Holiday, he addressed an enormous crowd on a hillside, thousands and thousands of people—and yet the Labour man, in whose cause he spoke, failed very badly.

Mind you, I do not myself suspect Lloyd George's motives. After all, he is seventy-six, and he knows it.

He was the only man who, throughout the war, remained a Cabinet Minister. He has had all the sweets of office and enjoyed all the glory.

He does not want anything. When you have given away scores of peerages, you don't ask one yourself. When you have commanded the attention of the whole world, well, even that palls.

Lloyd George in his retirement, no doubt, has many regrets. The title "Man Who Won the War" is not one of his boasts. He regrets the war as bitterly as anyone.

NOR is he proud of his share in it. He has learned more than he knew before, that war is a crime, the worst of all blunders, the crowning human iniquity.

And, in his books and writings and in his public speech, he goes on—an apostle of Peace, not with the white-souled idealism of a Lansbury or a Sheppard, but with the practical understanding of a man of the world who faces up to things and admits his own mistakes.

I myself am an admirer of Lloyd George. After all, we owe to his Radical past a great achievement on behalf of the struggling masses. He did not go far enough. But he went farther than any of his kind.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW 'WHO'S WHO'

JOHN BULL'S MAN AND WOMAN OF THE WEEK

Once more JOHN BULL presents a man and woman of the week—two people whose plight is typical of thousands now being crushed by the merciless official machine.

Their stories will surprise, amaze and anger you that such inhumanity is possible in this land of ours.

Mrs. Camp, girl wife who won't yield to officialdom

HIS GRANDMOTHER REALLY DIED!

THERE is usually vivid drama in a man-hunt.

In one described here there is none—only tragic farce and an almost incredible story of inquisition.

Mrs. Watson, an eighty-two-year-old widow, died recently in natural circumstances at Winlaton-on-Tyne, Durham.

The authorities there knew that the person who would be most concerned by her death was her grandson, Mr. George W. Watson.

She had reared him from infancy—he was an orphan—and been a mother to him until he went out into the world.

So a local police officer signed and sent a telegram to Mr. Watson notifying him that the old lady had passed away.

He received it at Hitchin, Hertfordshire, where he was then a resident officer at Chalkdell House, the public assistance institution.

Watson's record in the public service, as in his private life, is spotless. He has been an active worker for years in the Labour Party interests and was the only member of a trade union employed at Chalkdell.

But his political sympathies never obtruded into his official duties; he was regarded as efficient and conscientious.

As soon as he showed the police telegram to his superiors he was given leave of absence to arrange for and attend his aged grandmother's funeral.

Enter the Police

He travelled north on the 300-miles journey throughout the night and arrived at Winlaton-on-Tyne next morning.

Within an hour or two of reaching his home Mr. Watson received a visit from a police officer.

He was questioned at length regarding personal matters, family affairs and the circumstances of his grandmother's death.

In the next five days a series of interviews took place between the police and himself.

Officers of all ranks, from constable to inspector, he states, interrogated him.

They wanted to know—and wrote in their notebooks—the full name, age, and other particulars regarding the dead woman.

He was asked for what information he could give as to the naturalness of her death. The death certificate and burial order had to be exhibited.

Where, Why, What?

The probe went deeper the further it went.

Mr. Watson was required to supply information about himself and his recent movements. Several times he had to furnish details as to the identity of his father and mother.

Where was he born? Where was his father born? Where was his grandmother born?

Towards eleven o'clock at night another policeman visited the cottage where the grandmother's body lay.

What was the cause of all this and to what was it leading?

The officers, almost needless to say, conducted their investigation in a most civil and courteous manner, and their enquiries were tactfully made so as to involve no reflection on Mr. Watson or any member of his family.

But none of them was able to give him the smallest explanation of the source or inspiration of the search that was afoot.

As a woman relative in the home was in precarious health after an operation and was, especially, being caused distress in the family's hour of bereavement, Mr. Watson went to the police station and demanded to know what it was all about.

Even a senior police officer could not tell him.

Then the enquiry took another turn.

An uncle of Mr. Watson, whose funeral he attended, had died some weeks previously.

Now the police demanded proof of his uncle's death, where he died and where he was buried. The dead man's will had to be produced.

Was Mr. Watson suspect in regard to the death of his grandmother and uncle? What else could he believe than that he was the subject of sinister report?

The mystery deepened when he was asked if he had lately been at Southend, in Essex—a place Mr. Watson has never visited in his life.

And his perplexity was greater when he learned that the police enquiries were being carried farther afield—among relatives in the district.

After the funeral, Mr. Watson returned to Hitchin. Then he knew for the first time that the investigation—which continued after he left Winlaton—had been ordered by the authorities in Hertfordshire who employed him!

They maintained that it was justified because of a suspicion they had entertained against Mr. Watson.

They had supposed that the police telegram announcing his grandmother's death was a fake, that her death was a fiction and that Mr. Watson had obtained leave merely to attend Newcastle Races!

They refused to express regret even after receiving the police reports, being shown the documentary evidence of the death and having it pointed out that Newcastle Races did not take place until two weeks after Mr. Watson had returned to duty.

So the man resigned his appointment. No one with any self-respect could do otherwise.

This enquiry must go on. It ought now to be taken in hand both by the Minister of Health and the Home Secretary.

Pitiful Plight of Five Orphans

AT Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, a dying woman obtained a deathbed promise from her young daughter two years ago.

For years the woman had been in low health, chiefly because her husband came back from the Great War shattered and helpless.

For twenty years he was bedridden; night and day she ministered to him.

She so exhausted herself that the doctors lost hope of recovery.

There were in the home a daughter, Vera—aged eighteen, and four young children.

Death approached. When Vera's mother was left with but ten minutes of life, she said to the girl:

"Promise me that you will go on taking care of your father and the little ones. Your father's disability pension is £2 15s. a week. That should be sufficient.

* * *

"I have a fear that when I leave you they will try to take the children away to put them in some kind of institution. Promise me that you will never part with them until they are able to fend for themselves."

The girl made the promise.

The dying woman's features lightened. She gave her daughter a kiss which she asked to be taken in farewell to the husband lying in the next room.

When Vera returned from the sacred mission, her mother was dead.

Three weeks later the father died.

Vera asked the Ministry of Pensions what arrangements would be made for part of her father's wounds pension to be paid for the maintenance of his children.

None, the officials told her. With his death the pension died.

She turned to the poor law authorities.

The only aid they could give, she was told, was to put the children in the workhouse or some other institution.

Tearfully Vera pleaded for them. It would be much cheaper, she explained, for a small allowance to be made for their support.

She told the authorities about the deathbed promise to her mother. The official heart is impervious to that kind of thing.

For months the five orphans existed in absolute penury. Often, for days on end, there was no food in the house.

Think of the mental agony endured by Vera—of her anguish so that she should not be false to her mother!

For some time the girl had been in affectionate friendship with a twenty-year-old youth named Camp. He is a railway worker and his wages were 30s. a week. Prospect of marriage had seemed remote to them. They had scarcely begun courting.

But when the crisis was acute—when Vera was at the point of being compelled to part with her brothers and sisters—the young fellow declared his love for her, and asked her to marry him at once. He would take over the care of the orphans.

With a few pounds he had saved, he offered to furnish a house at 40, Essex Road, Hoddesdon. But after rent of 9s. 8d. a week had been paid, there would be only 22s. a week for the six of them.

* * *

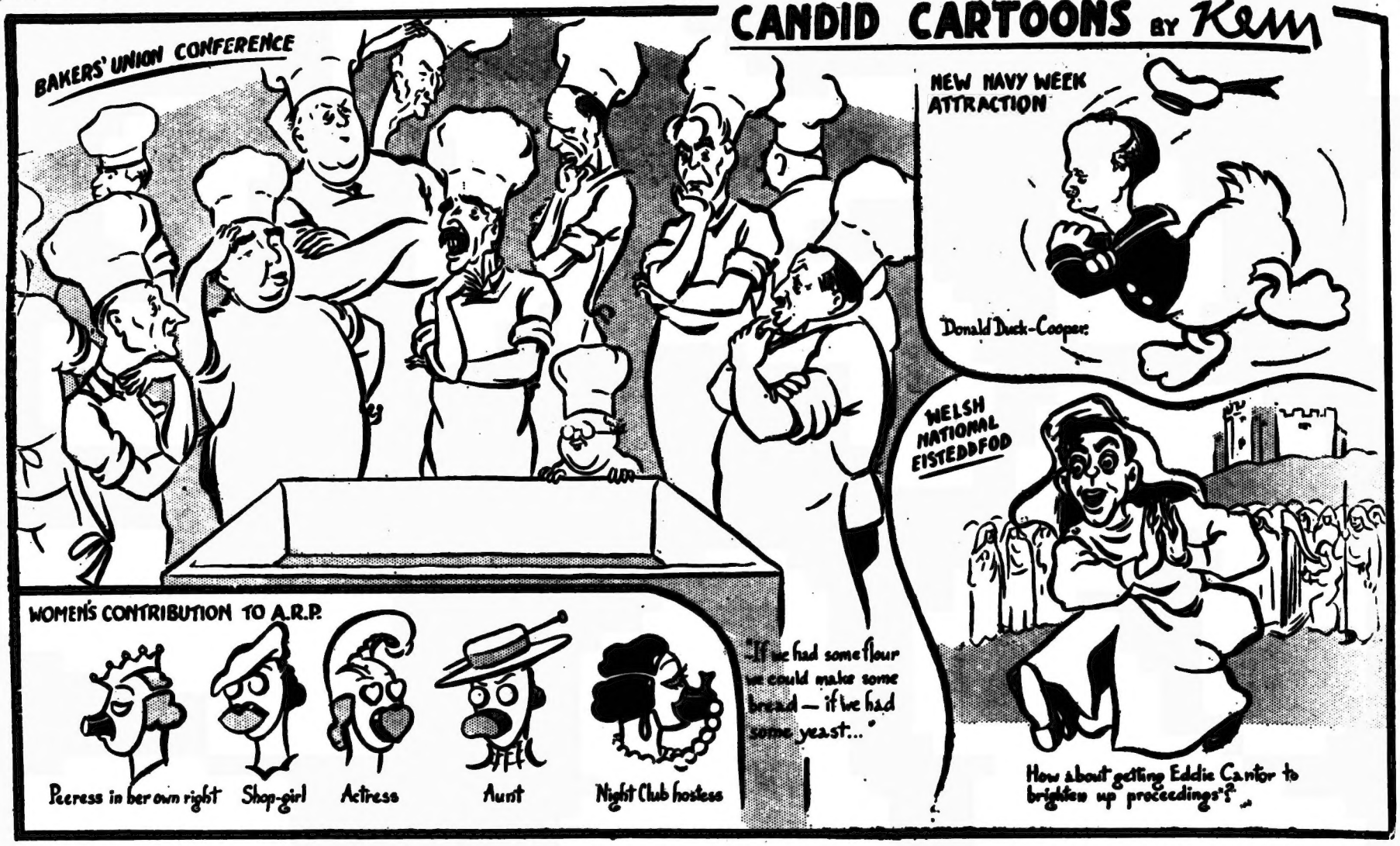
Vera accepted. She is now Mrs. Camp.

Hand in hand, the girl and her boy husband have gone together to the authorities, told them of the struggle to exist, and asked for some small measure of assistance so that the deathbed promise shall not be betrayed.

They have been turned away. Deliver up the orphans is the ultimatum.

Mr. and Mrs Camp will fight on.

CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem


BAKERS' UNION CONFERENCE
NEW NAVY WEEK ATTRACTION
Donald Duck-Cooper
WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD
WOMEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO A.R.P.
Peeress in her own right
Shop-girl
Actress
Aunt
Night Club hostess
"If we had some flour we could make some bread — if we had some yeast..."
How about getting Eddie Cantor to brighten up proceedings?

OPEN LETTERS

THE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT,
Smoking-room, House of Commons

GENTLEMEN,—You packed the House for the Sandys debate. When the plight of our 1,800,000 unemployed was discussed later in the day three out of every four of you didn't stay.

Lots of you went home: others lounged in the smoking-room until the division bells rang.

It is said that a Cabinet Minister recently remarked in private conversation:

"When you shout for work for the unemployed you make two big mistakes. First, they don't want work and would rather be on the 'dole.' Next, it is cheaper for the State to keep them there."

Apparently many of you share his contemptible opinion. In other words, you should stay away from Parliament for good.—JOHN BULL.

Lord MERTHYR,
Vice-Chairman, Pembrokeshire Quarter Sessions

MY LORD,—I wish you luck with your Bill to regularise blood tests which could save a thousand innocent men a year from affiliation orders.

Your Bill, it is forecast, will set up a panel of pathologists to make the tests. If a test is demanded in court, further proceedings will be debarred unless it is carried out.

At present, a girl can refuse all requests of the supposed father of her child to undergo a test, and her refusal cannot affect the court proceedings.

That is an obvious unfairness which cries aloud for remedy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF COOPER,
First Lord of the Admiralty

SIR,—So your gold-braided sea-dogs have had their knuckles rapped by the Public Accounts Committee—a few weeks after I kicked them for extravagance.

"Grave uneasiness" is one of the phrases used by the Committee about the Admiralty's disposal of public money. The criticism I made concerning the hundreds of thousands of pounds recklessly spent on the old liner *Majestic* is endorsed.

In short, you are warned not to tolerate extravagance. The long-suffering taxpayer will hope the warning strikes home.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. WALLER,
Chairman, Deal Education Committee

SIR,—You and your colleagues make me smile—but with more pity than amusement.

A teacher at the Methodist school applied for two days' leave to attend a conference in Holland on world affairs. She was willing to lose her pay.

You all sat in solemn conclave on the request. You couldn't see how world affairs had anything to do with education. And supposing she came back to preach pacifism! Horrifying! So you've refused her application.

What is happening in the great big world, apparently, is of no consequence to Deal and its rising generation. Lucky Deal!—JOHN BULL.

Rev. HAMISH GRAY,
St. John's, Seven Kings, Essex

DEAR VICAR,—Glad you realise how people who have to take part in the rush-hour journey to work are likely to become un-Christianly irritable.

Even a saint would find it hard to remain equable in overcrowded trains which have been exposed to the blazing sun all day.

You talk of eighteen people in a carriage and wonder how they "stand it." Believe me, many a girl has to "stand it" when she faints—simply because she is so hemmed in by fellow straphangers that she cannot even fall to the floor.

But the railway companies don't seem to worry. —JOHN BULL.

Alderman HOGAN,
Liverpool City Council

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Enough to make your blood boil, isn't it?

Despite your opposition, the education committee recommends that mentally defective children should be thrashed at school.

This is against the policy laid down two years ago. And it takes my mind back still further—to the bad old days when torture was held to be a "cure" for mental troubles, when backward children were put in the stocks to be pelted with filth by guttersnipes.

I do not doubt that your "flog 'em" colleagues have excellent intentions. But there seems to be something defective in their own outlook.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—I have protested against the way children are being haled before juvenile courts until I am nearly hoarse. At last you are enquiring into the subject, and I suggest you study a London County Council report just issued.

It shows how children who play in the street, ride cycles without lights and indulge in harmless pranks are nowadays dealt with by magistrates instead of receiving a word of warning from a policeman as in the not-so-bad old days.

It comments on the astonishing number of "children who are almost babies" declared by their unsatisfactory parents to be beyond control.

In a word, it bears out my contention that the appalling figures of child crime are largely artificial.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. C. V. THORBY,
Australian Minister of Defence

DEAR SIR,—To-day the first three-halfpenny air mail leaves Southampton for Australia. Six weeks is thus reduced to one.

Port Darwin, from being a derelict one-horse town, has become the front-door of the Commonwealth. Five internal air lines now converge there, two also from Europe with five services a week both ways.

Great Britain is spending a million pounds on the new air mail—money that will do much to develop Australia. Imperial Airways are doing their best by providing a de luxe service for passengers. Is it asking too much that you, as the man responsible, should supply a suitable customs shed and a proper hotel for travellers?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MILLIE MARSHALL,
Wolverhampton

DEAR MILLIE,—You should be an inspiration to young women who want to marry and still keep on at their jobs. Started a laundry with £25, now own business worth £80,000, and have a happy marriage as well!

"Marriage is not the beginning and end of everything," you say. "There have been hundreds of happy marriages—just like mine—where wives have stayed at work." Well, you have proved it can be done.—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

Lord TWEEDSMUIR: Welcome your praise of modern youth. But, even more than undergrads, young workers are proving their grit.—JOHN BULL.

PRIME MINISTER: Once again you deny grievances of old age pensioners. Mere denials can't wipe out their crushing poverty.—JOHN BULL.

President, BOARD OF TRADE: Glad that Sharepushing Bill I have fought for so long at last sees daylight. See that it doesn't get crowded out when Parliament resumes work!—JOHN BULL.

A NEW START FOR THE B.B.C.

How will the B.B.C.'s big changes affect them—and us all?

By A. G. Gardiner

THE appointment of Mr. Frederick Wolff Ogilvie as Director-General of the B.B.C. in succession to Sir John Reith is an event of national importance.

I am not going to offer any personal opinion on the choice that has been made, for until a week ago I was as unaware of the existence of Mr. Ogilvie as were the overwhelming majority of the millions to whom he will henceforth embody all the doings of the vast organisation to which we listen morning, noon and night.

But I know enough of the circumstances of his appointment to be satisfied that the Board of Governors have spared no pains to choose wisely.

Whether they have, in fact, done so, events will show. I am content to await the judgment of those events.

The appointment, however, furnishes an occasion to discuss the past and the future of the great institution which means so much to all of us.

AND in doing so it is fitting that a tribute should be paid to the remarkable man under whose guidance the B.B.C. has grown from its struggling infancy to its present immense development.

During the past fifteen years or so no man has been more in the limelight than Sir John Reith. He has been subjected to a ceaseless fire of criticism from all quarters.

That was inevitable, for everything that issues from the B.B.C. invites attack from some section of the community, which is infinitely diverse in political sympathies, artistic taste, educational standards and moral judgment.

Even the Archangel Gabriel could not please everybody in such a job. Indeed, the Archangel Gabriel, I fear, would please very few in such a job.

But, seen in the large, the dictatorship of Sir John Reith at Broadcasting House entitles him to the gratitude and thanks of the nation.

He was called to the cradle of the mightiest power with which science has ever endowed mankind, and the success with which he has brought that power to maturity could only have been achieved by a man of the highest character, gifted with an outstanding genius for organisation.

Having accomplished his task, he passes on to another no less formidable, if less subject to the daily and hourly pinpricks of public criticism.

It will be the universal hope that he will do for Imperial Airways as great a work as he has done for British broadcasting. That there is need for such a work is unhappily notorious.

With the removal of his strong hand from the helm, the policy of the B.B.C. cannot fail to undergo important changes.

Sir John Reith was so much the master of the instrument he had created that his authority inevitably became that of an autocrat.

IN choosing a successor who has everything to learn it may be assumed that the Board of Governors have decided that the time has come for a new system of control, less concentrated under a single hat. That may be wise. We shall see.

But whatever the changes, they should not disturb the fundamental basis of the institution. We have only to look abroad to appreciate the wisdom or good luck which laid that basis.

It is less than twenty years since the word "broadcasting" first fell on my ear.

A friend of mine just returned from America said that all the world there was agog with the new novelty of "broadcasting." And I had to ask him what broadcasting meant.

I could as little foresee then the meaning of the stupendous power that had come to birth as, a few years earlier, I could conceive the terrific consequences implied by Wilbur and Orville Wright's first flight into the air.

When I look abroad over the earth to-day, with its daily tale of horrors, I could wish that that flight had never been made. It has darkened the whole sky of humanity's present and future.

And the experience of broadcasting on the Continent is hardly less full of menace. In the hands of the Dictators, in Germany, Italy and Russia alike, it has become the Public Enemy No. 1 of mankind.

It is the most powerful instrument in the hands of tyranny. Through it truth is suppressed and lies flourish. Nothing is allowed to reach the public except what will promote the Dictators' designs.

Nor is the mischief confined to the countries concerned.

Through this monopoly of the radio the Dictators spread their poison gas through all lands, fomenting trouble wherever it will serve their purpose, as in the case of Mussolini in Palestine and throughout the Arab world.

MOST of this malignant propaganda, whether at home or abroad, is directed against the British Empire, and through its instrumentality the whole world lies under the shadow of war.

Fortunately, broadcasting in this country, as in America, has kept its freedom from Government control. So long as we preserve democratic institutions that freedom will be maintained.

Not the least of the debt we owe to Sir John Reith is due to the firmness with which he resisted any weakening of the independence of the B.B.C. or any interference with the impartiality of its news supplies.

That tradition of independence and impartiality is vital. Whatever changes are made in the administration under Mr. Ogilvie, there must be no tampering with that tradition.

Nor do I fear that there will be while we have a free Parliament to safeguard the freedom of the Press and the freedom of the air.

There is another respect in which the basis of the B.B.C. must suffer no change. It is the respect in which the example of America offers us an eloquent warning.

In the United States the radio is, like our own, independent of Government control.

But it is not independent of the control of big money. The curse of commercialism hangs like a blight over it. Its activities are vitiated by the necessity of pleasing the advertiser who provides the money.

Broadcasting in this country has escaped that evil, and I don't think that anyone who has had experience of the two systems will doubt which country has chosen the more wisely.

But apart from these matters of high policy, there is a vast field for the activities of the new Director-General to experiment upon. He, no more than his predecessor, can hope to please everybody all the time.

NOR should the public expect such a miracle. We all have different tastes, different shades of opinion and different scales of value, and the utmost we can ask is that we should all be served in turn.

Personally, I hope the standard will not be lowered, and that the claims of entertainment and education will be kept in due equipoise.

The function of the B.B.C. is to raise the public taste: not to lower it. And I would rather hear it criticised because its aim is too high than praised because it is too low. It is free from the "curse of commercialism" and can afford to stand its ground.

* * *

But, as the torrent of comment on the programmes which pours into this journal indicates, there are innumerable practical questions which should engage the fresh mind of the new Director.

They range from such matters as the most convenient time for the principal news bulletin to the demand for more outside broadcasts as in the case of the Royal Visit to Paris.

There are complaints that the instructional talks on domestic and household matters are pitched at too high a level, and that the broadcasts lack the slickness of the American standard.

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Mr. Ogilvie has a vast task before him. I can wish him no better fortune than that he may succeed in it as brilliantly as his predecessor has done.

Human Machine

No Angels, We!

MANY people bemoan the fact that life never seems to run smoothly. They object to the atmosphere of conflict they encounter at every turn.

Well, if they feel like that they're certainly entitled to grumble, for life never does run smoothly. You can no more avoid conflict than you can avoid breathing and one is as vital as the other.

Conflict is not an evil—it is the very essence of life. Without it there could be no change, no progress.

Life is always in motion, and the new and the old, the past and the future, even the past and the present, are always striving for supremacy; and striving, mark you, not only in the world outside us, but within ourselves.

In so far as we resolve our own particular conflict wisely and sanely we develop and progress. If we fail in wisdom and sanity we regress. We can't stand still. We must always either advance or retreat.

But the fatal mistake is to believe that conflict is something imposed on us from without. That only engenders a baseless sense of grievance and injustice. Conflict arises from within; and its source is almost invariably a battle between reason and emotion.

We know what we ought to do—but we don't want to do it! That is nearly always the root of our irritation.

Emotion, unless rigidly under control, is a deadly enemy and a not much less dangerous friend.

If mankind had not to battle its way upwards inch by inch against terrific odds we should all have been angels long ago. And that we're still battling and STILL PROGRESSING, despite all obstacles, is proof of the power that is in us if we will only trust it and use it.

FREE HERB BOOK

Let Petulengro, the Famous B.B.C. Romany show you the way to Joyous Health; Get his Book of Nature's Own Wonderful Remedies. Post Free from—

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PETULENGRO'S SECRET HERB REMEDIES

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 34

FILMS FREE FOR EVER

We give you an ultra-rapid "Gratispool" Film FREE, to advertise our Service, already used by over 72,500 "John Bull" readers. THREE SIZES ONLY: 3½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 2 x 3, or 3½ x 1⅝ ins. and to fit Kodak size Camera. A FREE FILM will be sent by return if you send this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., to:

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9/3

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 3/- extra, we will forward direct from one of our 'Freestalls' Stockists REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS, Suitable for Dancing, Dining and Bedrooms, etc., handsomely bordered, in Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 doormats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illust. Bargain Catalogue post free.

D. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

17/6 CARR. PAID

WHEELY PATENT SPRING SEAT, SOLID OAK FRAME, TURNED LEGS, 3 VELVET CUSHIONS, COVERED TO CHOICE, COLOURS TO SUIT EVERYONE. Send for new coloured Catalogue of wonderful bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. Carriage and Packing, England and Wales 5/6. Cheques, Reg. Letters or Crossed P.O.s to—

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD. 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

The very latest dresses in very latest colours with latest Sunbeam shirts having Permanent Pleats which simply will not fall out. The West End's newest style of fine quality Heather finished silky material, 100% British. Ideal in made and quality for all occasions. It has the FULLY FLARED SWING SKIRT. Colours, Blue, Pink, Green, Beige or Brown. Sizes: R.W., W., W.X. (O.S. 1/6 extra). Stocks strictly limited so order at once.

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Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the

DEAF

"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—

No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never believed such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. B. & J. BIR, Ltd. Design Dept., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1. (over Oxford Circus Tube-Rly.). Hours 10 to 6. *Supplied under National Health Scheme.*

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DIAMOND RINGS.

£3-0-0 2/- deposit

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£4-0-0 2/6 deposit

D. CUTHBERTSON, 96, ELY HOUSE, CHARTERHOUSE STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R.153), Climax Works, Accrington.

MODERN BABY-CLOTHES

EXPECTANT MOTHERS. Don't delay, send now for this HANDBOOK of 75 GARMENT HOME-MADE LAYETTE. Recommended by Nurses and Welfare Clinics. Trading checks accepted. (Summer or Winter Wear.)

ONLY 30/- WORTH £3 Satisfaction Guaranteed

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL Balance Cash or Terms

16 to 22 inch LAWN or WOOL FROCKS, CHRISTENING ROBE or WOOL SET, WINCEY or LAWN NIGHTIES, Full-size CHRIS. SHAWL, WOOL VESTS, COSY SUITS, COATS, BOOTEES, OVERALLS, PILCHER, BACH FLANNELS, GAUZE or TURK NAPKINS, etc. Delighted purchaser writes:—"I hesitated to "Shop by Post," but now cannot thank you enough for such a beautiful layette.

Mrs. I. B. HOWARD, 68, Dover Rd., Portsmouth

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NAVAL COAST GUARD 4 PULL TELESCOPES

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Richly used but quite perfect. Every piece examined. Last of stock Must Be Cleared regardless of cost. Amazing reduction makes this an offer which should not be missed. These famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision over several miles. Smooth action adjustment. Four-pull range finder. Heavily brass plated with all-weather body when closed. X36 magnification seven miles, 3/11, post 7d. Five only "Army Pocket" Model Telescopes. Marvellously powerful. Long range, 1/6, post 3d. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Monthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 0 0	3/6
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2 5 0	3/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 5 0	7/10
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£6 10 0	10/6

CATALOGUE FREE. Glasgow, 77/6; Kennels, £7/-; Asbestos Garages, £5 15s.; Roofing Felt supplier Workshops, £6; Poultry Cabins, 23/-. Fencing 6/- yd. run. Carriage Paid

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Sohl in five popular sizes. After exposing return to us. We make 8 postcard prints (5½" x 3½") at 2d. each. No charge for developing spool. Failures credited in full. Send P.O. 1/6 and 2d. stamp for return postage. Write name and address in block capitals.

6D 8 EXP.

JEROME LTD. Bevay Place, Holloway, N.7. *and Branches*

Further Postal Bargains appear on p. 16.

BANKRUPT STOCK OFFER OF GENUINE 'VARSITY GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS

2/11 POST & PKG. 9d.

Here is your opportunity to purchase a pair of new season's genuine "Varsity Semi-Oxford" medium and light grey trousers at the incredible price of only 2/11. Of real value, these trousers are finely cut and tailored, with strong pockets and listings. Built-in belt loops. A perfectly hanging garment. Fully guaranteed. Simply send 2/11 plus 9d. for post and packing, stating inside leg and waist measurements.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.T.9), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THORNS Garden Sheds

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Free Book No. 53 from J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 53, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

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Long	Wide	High	Cash or Dep.	6 Mthly.
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10ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	125/-	4/6

Designs 2/-

Slim 3 INCHES LOST IN 10 DAYS

YOU CAN HAVE THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE

The model illustrated has proved the most popular of our many styles in this famous Beasley Reducing Garment. It can be obtained for 2/9 Deposit. There are now 5 styles to select from:—

1. Centre busk, back lacing and underbelt as illustrated.
2. Centre busk and back lacing.
3. Centre busk fastening.
4. Side fastening.
5. Corselette.

(*Please state* which required.)

Every breath and every movement brings into play the gentle massaging action of the delightfully caressing latex rubber of this corset. Scientifically perforated for ventilation, it tones up the skin, controls unruly curves, and many wearers write to say it reduces by 3 inches in 10 days. Gives perfect abdominal support (the underbelt model corrects displaced organs). Will not ruck up. By far the best slimming corset at the price.

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Sent on 2/9 Deposit

FREE Reducing Corset Leaflet or Surgical Belt Catalogue

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EXTRA POUNDS

FOR A LITTLE SPARE TIME WORK for SHIELD XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Easy—no trouble—no outlay—free gifts and prizes. You start earning right away. Wires at wholesale prices.

CASH PRIZES—FREE GIFTS FREE outfit offered to SHIELD agents. Highest commissions. Send for full details to-day.

FREE Great 200 page gift catalogue of Chosen, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.

THE SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 29), BRADFORD

How We Smashed "Most Dangerous Gang in London"

Stanley William Tanfield — Prince of Sharepushers

Thomas Isaac Appleton: He also worked behind the scenes

THE end, in heavy prison sentences, of the "Million Pounds Share Conspiracy" brings a feeling of pride to the Editor of JOHN BULL and several of his colleagues.

It is the justification of our long fight in the interests of the public.

Five men, every one laid bare in our records, have been convicted of the most amazing share frauds of all time.

They are Stanley William Tanfield—seven years' penal servitude; Alfred Burnett—five years' penal servitude; Thomas Isaac Sleigh Appleton—five years' penal servitude; Percy William Grimes—four years' penal servitude; Thomas William Byford—two years' imprisonment. Richard Roberts, regarded as a tool, was bound over for three years.

For more than fifteen years JOHN BULL waged war on these swindlers. Their schemes were constantly exposed, and by direct advice thousands of people were saved from investing their money.

We told the Director of Public Prosecutions that our complete dossier was at his disposal. We continued our attacks in the face of threats, and showed how the whole gigantic robbery was pilli:g up.

Prince of Rogues

YET it was fifteen years before these men were put in the dock and received their just punishment.

Tanfield was undoubtedly the prime mover, though for long he hid behind the scenes

One of our exposures stated: "We place him next to Jacob Factor on the Sharepushers' Roll." Confidential records in Scotland Yard refer to him as "The Prince of Sharepushers." Factor was the King.

It was in 1923 that JOHN BULL first encountered Tanfield. He was operating through Canadian "dummies" from an office in Throgmorton Street, London, and had just introduced over here one of the first of the fake financial newspapers which later became so common.

Called the *Canadian Miner*, it was issued by the Commonwealth Trading Corporation, Ltd. Worthless oil and gold shares, sold by Tanfield through his dummies, were boosted.

Under the heading "Gold for Silver," in our issue of December 23, 1923, we flayed the ramp. Final words were: "People of small means are tempted to buy a share in a gold mine because they can get it for four shillings. We advise them earnestly to keep their money in their pockets."

Since then we have published so many warnings and exposures of the Tanfield gang that they would fill four complete issues of JOHN BULL.

On April 4, 1925, we made the first big attack on Tanfield that appeared in any British newspaper. The headlines used are significant in view of the recent Old Bailey trial.

They were: "The Golden Porcupine. . . . Countless Victims Of A Klondyke Scandal. . . . Official Action Needed To Stop Grave Scandal."

We revealed that, while his name did not appear on any of the literature, he controlled this wildcat share promotion from most elaborate offices in Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, London.

Our Chief Commissioner visited Tanfield in his miniature palace. The sharepusher was carefully guarded by three meticulously attired commissionaires. Three secretaries hovered round him, and there was a small army of stenographers.

Tanfield never sent out stereotyped letters. Every one was separately typed.

Our exposure on that occasion, showing how one woman had been robbed of £4,000, brought the great man from his lair.

Shown the Door

A FEW hours after JOHN BULL was on sale a Rolls-Royce car drew up outside our offices. A smartly dressed man stepped out. It was Tanfield.

He asked to see the Editor.

Cool, exerting his charming personality to the utmost, he professed to be more sorry than angry about what he called our misunderstanding of his intentions.

He produced plans of various mines in Ontario, emptied a pile of letters from his attaché case, and strove hard to show us where we had gone wrong.

He was politely but firmly shown the door after an hour's interview.

We realised one thing We had crossed swords with a Master Swindler who would be more elusive than the proverbial eel.

The next assault was on a bold venture he ran, through his chief hireling, Percy William Grimes. It was the National Chemical Holdings, Ltd.

We found that the late Lord Dewar was also on his track and had employed a former Scotland Yard detective to make an investigation. This time we discovered also that Tanfield had been associated with Factor and had broken away from him to become Sharepusher Number Two on his own account.

Incidentally, we exposed him again, years later, in connection with the same concern, and told how Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, cousin of Queen Mary, had been duped by Tanfield's agents. He lost £60,000.

Cunning Frauds

BY 1930 Tanfield's cunning made it more and more difficult to link him up with various frauds we knew were his.

However, on February 22, in that year, we turned big guns on him under the heading: "Oil Promoter Runs Away."

We connected him with the Cambrian Trust, in which the public lost between £200,000 and £300,000, and with an American sharepusher who had left the country.

Tanfield at the time was missing from his usual haunts.

Our article brought him back, this time bristling with anger. He issued a writ for libel, hoping to stop us from saying any more.

Once our defence was filed in court we heard no more of Mr. Tanfield's threat!

Still he went on living more and more lavishly. People spoke of him as a millionaire.

He thought he was flourishing with complete safety, but in 1932 we again attacked him. Under the title "Huge Share Plot Exposed" we revealed that several of Tanfield's cronies, some of them convicted criminals, were connected with a dubious firm named Henderson and Company, supposed to be run by "Henry Henderson," a Canadian.

Next year came one of the most sensational exposures—"The Beauty Bucket Shop." In this remarkable story we showed how Tanfield, still trying to hide in the background, was running a share-pushing organisation from luxurious offices in the West End of London.

In 1925 a double-page denunciation, headed "The Man With Twenty Faces," revealed how an agent, associated with the Tanfield gang, had been driven to suicide.

A year later we dealt with the affairs of Wetnell, Jenkins and Company, the very concern which figured in the charges that eventually brought Tanfield and his colleagues to the dock.

It was headed "In and Out Finance Racket," and appeared in October, 1936.

About this time, at the wish of the President of the Board of Trade, JOHN BULL prepared a special report on share-pushers and their methods for the Commission of Enquiry appointed to investigate the whole scandal.

In this report we outlined Tanfield's life and stated he had freely boasted that he had made several fortunes out of British investors. We gave details of his many frauds.

We can now reveal a curious happening at this enquiry.

Nominees of his swindling Wetnell, Jenkins and Company gave evidence, purporting to be authorities on Finance Pools. Little did they know what the Commission had already been told about their real boss, Tanfield!

Our first reference to Appleton, whom we know also as J. Howard Harvey and Arthur Ford, was in 1908.

He is just as bad as Tanfield, but his methods were not so grandiose. He also often worked from behind the scenes.

Let Us Advise

SOME of the heads under which we exposed him were: "Appleton's Artful Aids. . . . Shark Gets Busy Again. . . . Impudent Bogus Newspaper Swindle. . . . The Cæsar Behind The Scenes. . . . Cheap Petrol Ramp Exposed."

Once we showed he was concerned in frauds in which nearly £70,000 was involved.

Appleton is one of the cleverest writers of faked financial news. He ran many spurious "newspapers" used to boost all kinds of worthless concerns, whose shares were being peddled by his confederates.

Byford, who was a kind of private banker for Tanfield, Burnett and Roberts are in our records, but they are small fry compared with Tanfield and Appleton and other members of the gang who have still to be rounded up.

If there is a moral in this story it is this. JOHN BULL has records about most swindlers. We are always anxious to advise readers if they will write to us IN TIME. Don't wait until you have lost your money.

Man of Murky Millions

A MAN who tried to dazzle investors with a £32,000,000 proposal is now in the Bankruptcy Court with personal liabilities of about £7,000 and no assets.

His real name is James Walkington, but "J. A. Smythe," "Maurice J. Smythe," "Philip J. Mond" and "James Alexander Walkington - Smythe" are other names he has used. At present he lives in Gresham Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.

An Imperial co-operative farming organisation was the idea behind his great scheme. Farmers throughout the Empire were to benefit.

Or so he said.

He was, in his imagination, to own a large fleet of steamships to carry foodstuffs round the world. There were to be enormous profits.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Those from whom he obtained financial support were told that his plans were backed by notable people, including Lord Bledisloe, Lord Radnor, Lord Strathspey and Sir William Horwood, former Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

All false. He had no right to use these names, and we are glad we were able to publish a warning in time to save a large number of people from losing their money.

Not long ago we were consulted by the solicitors acting for a man who lost £500 through Walkington. We were happy to give them all the help we could.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We can now make some further revelations about this man who thinks in millions.

Earlier ventures, the Allied Chemical Industries at Winchester, and Veterinary Research, Ltd., ended disastrously. He did not defend an action in connection with the latter company alleging misrepresentation and fraud; judgment was given against him.

In his bankruptcy examination he was questioned about another concern he promoted. The capital was £1,000,000, and half the shares, it was suggested, were sold to one of his other companies at 10s. each.

Also worth noting is that in New Zealand, from where he came to this country in 1931, he served five years' penal servitude for arson, following a farmhouse fire.

We are watching Mr. James Walkington.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles, 10/-. 48 cups, ers., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery,9,Bursiem.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

EASY MONEY CAN BE EARNED SELLING DRAPERY. Send p.c. for Illus. Wholesale Catlgs. —ARCHERS, 42/43, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

See also Special Club Announcements on Page 29.

AGENTS Wtd. Estonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest comm. No outlay. Choco., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons (Dept. "B.A."), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS. Big commission. No outlay. Handsome Free Gift. Big Cash Prizes. Beautifully illustrated Catalogue Free. F. J. TATE, 36, Neville Street, Leeds. 1

AGENTS WANTED—LARGEST CASH COMMISSION. Lovely presents to all Agents. Also special present value 4 gns. Monstre Art Catalogue, illustrating nearly 2,000 lines of Household Goods, Cutlery, Jewellery, Drapery, Toys, Dolls, etc. All leading Chocolate lines. Catalogue supplied free. Send to-day to DENNIS & CO., Dept. 72, Colne, Lancs.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. For You—Free Gifts, Cash Prizes. Big Profits. Art Catlg. & Outfit free. —Write, STANTAN, LTD. (X), BRIGHOUSE.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big cash profits. Free Gifts. Huge coloured art catalogue of chocolates, toys, fancy goods, wines, etc. No outlay. Start earning right away. Free outfit and particulars from Shield Xmas Club (Dept. 28), Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED in EVERY TOWN for "DOX" Self-polishing Cloths. Write, DOX, 8, Rockley Road, LONDON, W.14.

GOOD Commission. Xmas Club Agents Wanted. Chocs., Cigarettes, Fancy Goods. Illus. Cat. free.—Garratt, Stockley St., Northampton.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Highest Comm. A Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 256-page Cat. Terms, Free Gifts.—Humberside Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 40), Wright Street, Hull.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods. Xmas GIFT every agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.c. brings Wonderful Catalogue & Comm. Terms. —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. Chocs., Cigs. Everything. Huge Catlg. Largest Cash Comm. Dozen Razor Blades, Ladies' Mending Case Free Every Applicant. EMBASSY, Dept. 11, Brighouse.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

RAWLINGS CLUBS, LTD., calling all AGENTS to write for 1938 250-page Art Catalogue. Highest Commission, and we Guarantee all our goods. Free Gifts to Agents. Note new address, 314, ST. GEORGE'S RD., HULL.
"The Firm that never lets you down."

XMAS CLUB AGENTS wtd. Cash Comm. Free Gifts. Best makes. Guaranteed quality. Superb catalogue commands success. MATHERS (Dept. 2), 192, Chorley Old Rd., BOLTON, Lancs.

CHRISTMAS Club Agents wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent comm. Free gift to every applicant for parties.—Samuel Driver, Ltd., Marshall Street, Leeds.

AGENTS for XMAS CLUBS, BEWARE! For the Seal of Security look for the N.A.C.C.O. guarantee in your Catalogues.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A., BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

THE ACE OF CLUBS PAID £7,300 to Spare-time Xmas Club Agents in 1937. Get your share for 1938 (NACCO. Gntd.). Details free. Austin Davis, Dept. 21, Regent-st., Sheffield. 1.

XMAS AGENTS—£5 Cash Prizes. Lovely Free Gifts. Secret Consolation Prizes. Tip-Top Commissions. Finest quality lines by famous makers. No outlay. Catalogue and particulars free.—Marvel Gift Club, Thorpe, Wakefield.

A NUMBER OF SPECIAL OFFERS of particular interest to Club Agents appear on page 29. Turn to it now.

EMPLOYMENT.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place London. W.1

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £4 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 901), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply C.O. (Dept. 472), 235, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS HANDBOOK for 1938 (FREE).—Contains information on pay prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 902), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

AUTHORS WANTED.—Big cheques are paid every day to Authors who have been trained to write interesting articles and short stories.—Send to-day for free prospectus of expert tuition given by the Correspondence Course of the Pitman College of Journalism and Authorship, 211, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

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THE CIVIL SERVICE offers thousands of vacancies carrying high salaries, short hours, complete security and excellent pensions on retirement. Our new handbook "CIVIL SERVICE OPPORTUNITIES," outlines the openings in all branches of the Service (Clerical, Customs, Taxes, Post Office, Engineering, L.C.C., etc.), explains the duties and salaries and how to enter on our "NO POST—NO FEE" terms. Experience is not required. If you are between 18 and 23 (either sex) and wish for a safe, progressive post, send for this invaluable guide to-day—FREE.—B.T.I. (Dept. 483), Avon House, 356-366, Oxford St., W.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES (both sexes), aged 15 to 23: no experience. For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept 531) 356 Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1

PORTABLE BUILDINGS at Bargain Prices. Send now for FREE Catalogue No. 101 of Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, Aviaries, Poultry Houses, Army Huts, etc. All complete in sections for easy erection and carriage paid England and Wales.—J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 101, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

HAVE You Seen the Latest Cossor Radio? It's the greatest value ever. Cossor's contribution to everyone's need for an instrument of quality at a price within the means of every household must interest every *John Bull* family. Before buying your summer radio get full particulars of this excellent radio offer.—Write, mentioning John Bull, for free latest 16-page catalogue, to A. C. Cossor, Ltd., Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

Fit as a Fiddle on Fynnon

What about a fitness campaign for the not so young—the men and women whose suppleness is slipping away, giving place to stiffness, stoutness, aching joints? Sluggish liver and kidneys are letting waste matter accumulate, to turn into Uric Acid or unwanted fat. Fynnon Salt is a Spa treatment at home for this very condition. It combines **Sodium, Potassium and Lithium,** Nature's Salts of the earth which spring up in the water of famous Spas. Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon in a tumblerful of water every morning. Soon rheumatic pain disappears, excess fat is dissolved, life looks good again! Large tins of Fynnon 1/3 at all chemists.

Fynnon every morning—

Fitness every day

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPER SALE. Bargain Pattern Books Post Free. Britain's Best Value.—J. B. Bruce & Hall, Frederick St., South Shields.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2d. 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS. — Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 12. Home-made. 18-piece Layette for only 30/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

GARDENING.

NEW PORTABLE BUILDINGS, all shapes and sizes, in Deal, Cedar and Elm.—List (J.B.) Free.—Alberts, 187, Brixton Hill, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520M.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS & Headaches successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on page 27 for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

A MARVELLOUS new cream hair remover that works without odour is announced on page 33. It can be obtained at all branches of Boots, Timothy White's and Taylor's, all good chemists, hairdressers and stores. Price 1/6 large tube. Trial size, 6d.

FREE to indigestion sufferers — pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland Indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write, mentioning *John Bull* (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds.

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve Back-Strain and Headaches, etc. Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt. They give complete comfort and support. Spencer Maternity Belts are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon., for Maternity Booklet and for name of nearest local Corsetiere. See page 21.

CATARRH Sufferers! Get particulars of Mr. Allan Cooper's special offer. So confident is he of the efficacy of his remedy for Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness that sufferers are offered a trial under guarantee. Without cost or obligation write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mr. Allan Cooper, 60, Strand, London, W.C.2, for full particulars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Tooth paste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67, 112, Euthymol, 80, Beak Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now.

THE Ideal drink, made in less than no time—Borwick's Lemon Barley Powder. Just add cold water, that's all! See page 20.

ACCEPT this free sample offer. Send a penny postcard to Odol (Dept. J.B.22), Norwich, and a free trial sample of this famous dentifrice will be sent to you by return. All those interested in the care of the teeth should try Odol, the safe toothpaste. See page 20.

HAVE you ever tried Bulmer's Cider? It is an excellent drink, made by the largest Cider makers in the world from the juice of fine apples, which quenches your thirst and assists digestion. It is not expensive, either. A flagon costs only 10½d. (in England and Wales only). See page 23.

A GORGEOUS, fascinating tan can be yours easily, quickly and without bother. Apply COOLTAN. It is not greasy—not a dye. If you cannot get it locally, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Kathleen Court (Eng.), Ltd., 326F, Regent Street, London, W.1. See page 27.

EVERY woman reader of this paper can obtain a special package of New Veet, the modern way to get rid of unwanted hair. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., to Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 320.), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10. See page 26.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.12, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consol., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See p. 24.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who sends the coupon on page 22, with their name and address, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newball and Mason, Ltd., Nottingham, will receive sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer. Enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

FREE.—The makers of Robin Starch have published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." It tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It is offered free to all *John Bull* readers. Every housewife ought to have a copy. Simply write, mentioning John Bull, to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 610, Hull.

MANY people are apt to regard the achieving of physical fitness as a mere mechanical process of regular exercises. It is certainly true that the "daily dozen" does go a long way towards putting our bodies into sound trim, but at the same time experts are pointing out that indifference to the kind of food we eat can prove a real stumbling-block in the way of National Fitness. This may be one reason why sportsmen and athletes place such trust in Shredded Wheat. Prepared from the whole natural wheat, it contains all those essential body-building elements in a form which is easily digestible. These elements, being rapidly absorbed into the system, provide our bodies with new energy and valuable staying power, thus keeping us fit to meet the demands of modern life. See Back Cover.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON said "It is better to travel hopefully than arrive!" But in these days of fast-moving traffic and congested roads, the hardy wayfarer needs an authentic guide to sustain his optimism. Such a guide is in fact now available in the new Touring Map of England, Scotland and Wales recently issued by Hovis, Ltd., of Hovis bread fame. Comprising 36 pages, beautifully reproduced in colour, highways and byways are accurately charted. Maps are arranged in sectional form with distances between places en route clearly indicated. For the motorist, Main routes and Secondary routes show at a glance "Where to go and How to get there," whilst alternative routes are set out for the cyclist and hiker. A large scale map of London and environs and plans of principal Cities complete what is probably the most complete and up-to-date publication of its kind. Copies of the Hovis Touring Map are obtainable from Railway bookstalls, leading booksellers and stationers, or direct from Hovis, Ltd., Macclesfield. Price 2/6.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Pilitex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Cheated by plausible Stanley Ackroyd, this lad and his mother are only two of many victims

Mean Fraud on Parents

STANLEY ERNEST ACKROYD—that is just one of the many names he uses—has vanished after the most despicable of his many frauds.

In one swindle he obtained £9,000. This time his haul included £3 from an ex-Service man in serious ill-health.

Having established himself with hired stock as an engineer in a shop in Tunnel Road, Liverpool, Ackroyd advertised for apprentices. He painted glowing futures for the boys, and a number of parents paid him premiums of as much as £25.

The sick ex-Service man was anxious to give his son a chance in life and, though very poor, he approached Ackroyd. He was full of sympathy, assured the father he understood how he must feel—and then took £3 from him! Even this small amount had to be borrowed by the father at a high rate of interest.

A fortnight or so ago he vanished.

He had stated he would return in two days. But at the end of the week there was no news. On Saturday the bewildered apprentices waited for their wages of a few shillings each. Eventually the man in temporary charge closed the premises, though the anxious boys waited outside in pouring rain until after eleven o'clock at night.

His earlier frauds have generally been carried out in much the same way.

Always he has established himself in a town for a short time and cleared off as soon as he has grabbed all the money he can lay hands upon.

Once he took money from struggling theatrical people booked to appear in a show he said he was presenting in a provincial town. They arrived there to find themselves stranded.

It was also in Liverpool some years ago that he got away with £9,000. People invested in his motor business.

One woman, impressed with what she afterwards described as his dynamic personality, parted with £500 to become a "sole partner."

This scoundrel has been jailed several times. It is only about two years ago since he finished his last sentence, one of four years' penal servitude.

Impudent A.R.P. Nursing Snare

A CURIOUS new organisation, the Nurses' Trading Company, with headquarters in Borough High Street, London, is puzzling a great many people.

Principal of the concern is a Mrs. Marguerite Rickard, of Bittacy Rise, Mill Hill, London, N.W.

In literature now being circulated she states: "A movement will shortly be developed in many districts to establish nurses' clubs, for the social benefit of nurses generally."

The clubs, it is added, will be provided with air raid shelters fully equipped with every approved modern device for the comfort of the public availing themselves of them.

A trading section, it is explained, has been formed to help on the good work.

Various articles can be bought; nurses, stationed in different districts, will call for orders.

* * *

Nor is that all. "The nurses can be asked, free of charge, for advice on all matters as far as their profession allows them to do so."

Those who support the movement will be honorary members of the clubs. It is promised that, in due course, a car will be provided free to take any member of the household to hospital or bring relatives in case of sudden illness.

It is added, with nice feeling, "We, of course, trust you will never have need of these services."

All this sounds very wonderful—until you hear what one of my investigators has discovered.

* * *

In a national daily newspaper recently appeared an advertisement: "Lady required with £200. Salary, £3 10s. a week. Correspondence abilities necessary. Duties, control of women. Suit retired nurse."

Applicants heard from Mrs. Marguerite Rickard. She outlined her scheme and explained that the duties would include keeping a record of orders taken by nurses.

Those willing to invest £200 were asked to call at her "City Office," in Borough High Street.

That seems to be the old employment-with-investment lure about which I am always warning people.

More important is the identity of Mrs. Marguerite Rickard.

Some time ago, with a man who then used the name of Henry Wright, she started a concern called Women's Social Services. There were imposing offices in Regent Street, London, and widely circulated pamphlets offered various benefits to servants.

Representatives had to buy their jobs with investments from £400 to £500.

When about £5,000 had been obtained by this and other means, enquiries were made and Wright and Mrs. Rickard were arrested.

At the Old Bailey trial the Common Serjeant described the whole affair as "a shameful scheme to defraud the public."

Wright was sent to jail for eighteen months, and Mrs. Rickard, though guilty, was bound over for three years, because it was considered she had been influenced oy Wright.

Wright's real name is Henry Dunsford. He is an old rogue whom I have criticised for his share in similar schemes since his release from jail.

Need I say more than that Dunsford, alias Henry Wright, is a frequent visitor to the Borough High Street offices of this strange new Nurses' Trading Company?

Eviction of the Chickens— and of the Old Shepherd

HERE are two human stories, simple, but all too common.

Tenants of the Prenton Road West and Shaftesbury allotments at Birkenhead have been informed that all poultry must be cleared from the allotments by the end of the year.

Most of the men are old-age pensioners, or ex-soldiers still handicapped by their wounds.

The land was abandoned as a small holding during the war, because it was waterlogged. Later, people who cared to face the uphill job were given plots rent free for a time.

Ponds were filled in, paths made, and after much hard work tenants—who have now been paying rent for many years—started poultry rearing. It is the only way, they say, that a small profit can be made.

Recently the Corporation made new regulations which involved the tenants in extra expense.

Now, under a new scheme, they are calmly told that all their effort must be wasted!

* * *

SEVENTEEN years ago Arthur Smy, a shepherd, bought five cottages near Wingfield, East Suffolk. He had to do this to obtain one cottage in which his wife and he could live. It meant sinking the whole of their hard-earned savings.

All the return they received was a rent of 3s. a week, inclusive of rates, for each of the four cottages.

* * *

Now the local council has condemned three of the cottages and ordered the old shepherd to pull them down.

I am told that they are perfectly habitable and in as good condition as scores of similar cottages in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Smy was fined £10 for refusing to quit one of the condemned cottages.

Then, in desperation, he asked if he could use the cottages as a store. "No," came back the reply from the Council, with this warning: "Unless you take steps to demolish the cottages, the Council will be compelled to pull them down and recover the cost from you."

Pass Them By

BEWARE of a small army of agents, glib and plausible, touring the country in the name of the Women's National Help Society, with headquarters in Whitehall, London, S.W., and branches in Bristol, Manchester and elsewhere.

These agents are, whether they know it or not, representing a dubious charitable concern blacklisted by a well-known welfare protection organisation.

Two women were recently making an extensive collection for the society in Bristol. Printed on their boxes was the appeal: "Please help to provide more beds, food and coals for the needy."

Enquiry reveals that they, like other collectors, were being paid £1 a week, *plus* 6s. 8d. *out of every pound over £3 collected.*

* * *

What can be left for those the society is supposed to help after these and other expenses are paid?

A Mrs. Frederick Booth is behind the scenes of the organisation.

She is notorious in this type of charity-collecting venture. Until a few months ago she was the leading light in the Destitute and Homeless Help Society, which has more than once been criticised by magistrates.

CROOK WHO IS BOGUS EVERYTHING

VERY much wanted by the police is William Watson, whose string of supposed jobs would have made Pooh-Bah envious.

Recently he has been obtaining money by worthless cheques, but in his long criminal record he has posed in all manner of guises.

They include an engineer employed by a Government department, a G.P.O. touring inspector, a surveyor from one or other of the four main railway companies, confidential enquiry agent from the Board of Trade, a purser attached in turn to all the best-known shipping lines, a tourist courier, and a plain-clothes police officer!

A few weeks ago, calling on an estate agent in Cardiff, he said he wanted to inspect premises suitable for a club for workmen who would be coming to Cardiff under his control to carry out a big Government building contract.

He spent a considerable time looking at various premises, taking care to make himself very agreeable to the representatives of the estate agents.

On the third day, when he had given the impression that he would recommend one of their buildings, he produced a cheque for £15.

It was made payable to himself and drawn on a London bank. Would they oblige him by cashing it?

They did. It came back dishonoured—like so many others the wily Watson has plausibly persuaded people to change for him.

He is known by at least twenty other names, and there seems no limit either to his audacity or the variety of his criminal methods.

He is wanted for passing worthless cheques, stealing cheque-books, obtaining goods by false pretences, housebreaking, burglary and forgery.

Public Benefactor

Miss Rose Baker, of 39, Queen Alexandra Mansions, Judd Street, London, W.C., secures this week's award of £1 1s. for valuable information concerning an organisation appealing for public funds.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW!

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 34

Portable BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!

WONDERFUL NEW EVERLASTING WOOD

Write at once for Free Catalogue of these amazing buildings! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., in beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting or preservative! Prices from £7/6. EASY TERMS. Free Delivery—all sizes. Send NOW to The Cedar Specialists

2/- DOWN

R. H. HALL & Co. (Kent), Ltd. (67T), Paddock Wood, KENT.

GUARANTEED NEVER TO WEAR OUT!

They won't wear, fade or fray! Frankly, we do not guarantee everlasting wear, but we do claim that these heavyweight

'Police' BLUE UNI-MELTONS

are world's finest value for working men needing a garment for real hard wear. Guaranteed Brand New. Smart, gentlemanly cut, side pockets, strong linings, reinforced taped back seam to prevent splitting. Unbreakable buttons. Perfectly finished and honestly worth a guinea. Send 4/8, nothing more to pay, stating waist and inside leg measurements.

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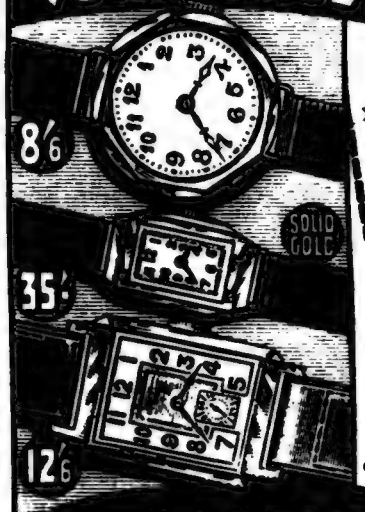
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. T.J.B.I.) 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

SENSATIONAL GIFT BOOK YOURS FREE!



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LASTING WAVES ALL OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS NEW WAVER & SETTER

A 'once in a lifetime' opportunity to cut "Perm" and "setting" bills and obtain glorious, natural wavy hair. This famous Waver scientifically and automatically sets the hair into any desired depth of lasting waves. IT CANNOT FAIL even on absolutely straight hair, if you follow the simple instructions. No hot irons, electricity, danger or fuss—get a full wave at home in half an hour! Comfortable in use, washable, will last for years to save you pounds in hairdressing costs.

Post 3d. 1/6

Greatly reduced. A limited number offered at only 1/6, post 3d.

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How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE (Dept. B.H.88), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

RED TILE Floors kept Colourful

Your red tile floors will always have a lovely rich red tone if polished with 'Cardinal.' Also excellent for Red Composition Floors, Front Steps, Stone and Cement Paths, etc. Waterproof and will not wash off in rain. Also in Green, Cream, White, Buff and Transparent.

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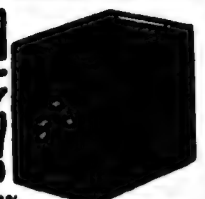
WITH FILM & FULL INSTRUCTIONS.



To popularise our famous 100% Sheffield "Multi-Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free, this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 6d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay. Extra films 3d. per carton.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. F.C.J.B.13), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Security Corner by A FRIEND

PUT YOUR HOME IN SAFE HANDS

YOUR bags are strapped and labelled. Everything is ready for that keenly anticipated Annual Holiday—and perhaps, for the first time *with pay*.

You bang the front door securely and walk down the garden path. As you close the gate you hesitate a moment, you glance back and think: "*Will everything be all right while we are away?*"

Well, I'm glad that registered readers of "John Bull" need have no such qualms. They know that while they are away their homes will be in good hands—in the protective care of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. If you have not yet registered, do so NOW and thus make sure of YOUR HOME being in safe hands.

IMPORTANT HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles, if they can show that they bought the paper while away, and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery immediately upon their return.

UNIQUE BENEFITS

"John Bull" is the only paper in the world that will safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM and FLOOD, as it is the only paper to pay SICKNESS Benefits. In addition, "John Bull" provides against loss by burglary and also pays benefits for accidents on the sports field, children's accidents and accidents in the home which, under our special holiday concession, is extended to include the house or hotel at which you may be staying.

If you have not yet obtained this unrivalled Security Gift do so to-day, for the sake of your dependants as well as yourself. Take my advice, and use the forms below at once.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 30/7/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 30/7/38.

Further Postal Bargains appear on p. 12.

Don't forget to turn to this section of "John Bull's Shop Window."

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or stiffener nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

3/-

Our Biggest Crop of all will soon be—

WEEDS!

It's ruin stresses the plight of Britain's derelict acres

Who will reclaim Britain's prairies?

VAST tracts of fertile land in Britain are reverting to forest. Districts that could boast excellent crops are marshy wastes. The once thriving farmland has become a wilderness of weeds.

These growing stretches of desolation are not confined to one or two counties. They are spreading across the kingdom—eating into some of our richest agricultural areas.

Pastures have become a sea of dandelions, ragwort, thistles and yarrow.

Where corn should be ripening are tangled crops of nettles, docks, couch grass, quickthorn, horehound—every conceivable weed.

That is why there is a shortage of twenty million sheep.

That is why we have three million fewer acres under cultivation now than in 1914.

And the waste of our heritage increases every week.

75,000 acres of waste

Suppose you could embark on a three-minute tour of the countryside.

Start westwards from London. In Berkshire you will see holdings that appear to have been suddenly abandoned for some unknown cause. So might a land look whose men had been called away to war.

Pass on to Wiltshire. Note the farm gates missing or broken. Significant indications that in this county alone there are 75,000 acres of good land going to waste!

Stop at the lovely little Hampshire village of Sutton Scotney and let your eyes rest on the grain ripening in the sun. The proper English scene, you think.

Ruthless Nature

Travel another two miles, step through the broken wayside hedge and you face the rural tragedy.

The clean, sturdy grain has gone. Instead, a self-seeded forest rises from the fertile soil.

Here, in a single district, 2,000 acres have rotted into jungle. Eight large farms lie derelict.

Nearly a hundred families have lost their livelihood. Trees meet across the disused roads; hedges gay with dog roses wander across the fields.

The reason? Tithes. There has been litigation, arbitration—but no hope of settlement.

On one medium-sized farm the tithe was £200 a year, making economic farming impossible.

Commandeered . . .

Beside a trout stream stands Cranbourne farmhouse. A pleasant red-brick dwelling, you think at first sight. As you approach, you change your mind.

A mother and two sons took up their quarters in the house six years ago. They boarded up the empty window frames or rough glazed them.

They patched the leaking roof and broken stairs and squatted there. Nobody asked for rent, so they live like Hillbillies, remote and alone.

Further along the road, gipsies have commandeered another fine house. You will look in vain for wooden door and window frames. They have all been burnt or carted off.

Nobody knows

Yet under the Land Utilisation Act this land could be turned over to groups of unemployed family men, to single settlers, to convicts in Winchester Prison.

Why have these powers not been invoked?

Nobody seems to know.

Move on to Wales, travel from Cardiff to Newport and note the vast undrained areas. Borth bog alone covers 5,000 acres!

In Brecon, Radnor and Pembrokeshire there are farms little better than rabbit warrens. Anglesey is as rabbit-plagued as Australia.

Now let us take a gigantic hop and look round the Fen country.

Here the land is low-lying, in many places at sea level. For years it has been sinking, too, an inch or so a year.

In the old days the water was pumped from the land into rivers and lodes by windmills.

You will see these windmills still standing. But they pump no more. They are, like so much else in rural England, derelict.

Yet the Fens are England's most prolific land.

And it is not floods that frighten farmers off, but lack of hard roads.

Normal winter rains are enough to make the present roads impassable.

Can anything be made of the semi-derelict or derelict farms of Fenland?

You can get the answer by taking the Surfleet road and seeing what has been achieved there on a farm of 300 acres.

Five years ago it supported one man and a boy. To-day, it gives employment to a hundred men and women.

And what has been done at Surfleet could be done in every place where the land has been left to go out of cultivation.

Behind this proof of what can be achieved by scientific yet ancient methods lies a story that takes us from England to India.

When Sir Albert Howard was director of the Institute of Plant Industry, Indore, he discovered that the best results were obtained by going back to the methods used by the Chinese thousands of years ago.

That method, in a word, consists in putting back into the land all animal and vegetable waste.

This waste is pitted, brought to a high temperature and thus broken down into a nourishing compost that is spread on the land.

Can be saved

After using this system for two years, the Surfleet nurseries carried off a silver medal at the Royal Agricultural Show.

Again, Professor Stapleton's experiments have shown that neglected and disused grassland can be brought back to profitable condition.

To-day, few people know anything about this scientist's work. Yet in a few years we may realise that Professor Stapleton, with his gospel of land fertility, and Sir Albert Howard, with his Indore method, have done more for Britain than any politician.

Individual farmers, too, are showing how derelict acres can be made to yield high profits.

One who possessed both courage and faith bought two farms which had long been left to rot.

He was laughed at for his pains, but he went ahead.

In the first year he steam ploughed and sowed to oats. He got five quarters to the acre.

That rather surprised his critics.

Man of vision

Next year, after steam cultivating and clearing the stubble, he got eight quarters to the acre.

In Northamptonshire, another man of vision put derelict land under the plough.

This year, a mass of blue-flowering flax makes gay 170 acres that last year were bracken-covered and swarming with rabbits. After the flax crop will follow wheat and barley.

Northamptonshire, too, can be proud of Mr. C. H. Tomkins, who started life as a cowman. He takes derelict land at 3s. 6d. an acre, clears it and does well.

Five thousand acres is already worked by him.

Such men, far from the limelight, serve us all.

Why does not the Government give a bounty for every acre reclaimed by hard work and scientific farming methods?

Conquer them

For weeds can be conquered. And conquered they must be if much of Britain's natural riches is not to be thrown away.

In one of the world's immortal books appear these words:—

"Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind than the whole race of politicians put together."

That is as true to-day as when Dean Swift wrote it.

It was true ten thousand years ago.

It will be true until the end of time.

After the Fire

HER afternoon shopping finished, a Lincolnshire housewife retraced her footsteps homewards.

Certainly she had no misgivings about the home she had left empty for a time.

But why that smoke that surged round her as she opened the door?

Hunting round for the source of it, she found children's clothing ablaze.

She succeeded in dragging it out, but what about the hard-earned pounds that would have to go towards replacing the damaged goods?

JOHN BULL solved the problem for her with a cheque—sent because she had had the foresight to qualify for the protection of the unique JOHN BULL free family insurance scheme by the simple act of signing a coupon.

That coupon is reprinted on page 16 of this issue for your benefit. Why not sign it now?

If your home will be an empty house during the holidays, there is all the more reason why you should sign it.

Providing you can show that you continue to buy JOHN BULL while holidaying anywhere in the British Isles, and that before going away you instructed your newsagent to resume delivery on your return, you are fully protected.

JOHN BULL PRESENTS

Take a look at YOURSELF!

Aged thirty-five, Average Man has three suits and a three-shillings-a-week thirst

A MONTH ago, JOHN BULL undertook a big task.

We set out to gather, from hundreds of sources, fragments of information which could be pieced together to give a complete picture of the Average Life of citizens to-day.

We tapped official statistics on almost every aspect of modern existence. We gathered information from more than 20 organisations of doctors, actuaries, scientists, educationists, welfare workers and other authorities.

We were helped by the mass of facts collected during the JOHN BULL Census, and we have referred constantly for checking purposes to our own specialists and outside experts.

Now the work is finished, and we present to you the complete story of the Composite Citizen of 1938.

You are part of that person. Perhaps, even, you will find that your life and circumstances tally remarkably with those described here.

What are your chances?

How many years will you live?

What are your prospects of getting a good job—and how much will you earn?

Impossible to answer those questions accurately for any individual. But if you identify yourself with our Composite Man (or Woman) the forecast can be made with some confidence—as it is made here.

See how average you are—and assess your chances in the hurly-burly of modern life.

CARELESS of the comfort of others, you chose to be born between one and two a.m. That, according to the birth statistics, is easily the most popular hour for arriving in this world.

You let out your first yell ten seconds after birth, and, as the Average Male Baby (but, of course, the Perfect Baby to your mother), you weighed 7 lb. 7½ oz.; were 21 inches long; and measured 13½ inches round the head, but only 13 inches round the chest.

Grown-ups who called to see you a few days later tactfully insisted that you were "ridiculously like father."

Your feminine counterpart, the Average Female Baby, was handicapped from the outset.

At birth she weighed four ounces less than you. But she conceded you merely extra brawn—not brains!

You Still Lead

As time went on, she tended to be the hardier; she had fewer minor illnesses, and generally kept ahead in "discoveries." But in weight and height you firmly kept—and keep—the lead.

At one month, you were sleeping 21 hours a day, but did manage to find time to yawn and turn your head. Four weeks later your eyes were following a moving object.

At three months, you and the girl friend both decided you had social obligations. So you smiled for the first time.

The pioneer tooth popped up in her lower jaw at six and a half months. Its next-door neighbour followed.

You were well beaten there, for you did not follow suit until fully a fortnight later.

When mother stuck the first candle on your birthday cake, she smiled down proudly on a little fellow standing (but only just!) 2 feet 6 inches, and tipping the scales at 20½ lb. At that time, your opposite number weighed 8 oz. less.

Both of you were saying, "Dad" and "Mum," by then.

But "dad" took precedence by seven weeks.

Your smile was eight teeth strong.

At fourteen months, the Average Girl Baby took the first uncertain steps—and sat down hard. You started at sixteen months, but at a year-and-a-half you were both staggering about, saying odd words, and looking for pictures.

No need for all that hurry. But just then you were growing almost while mother watched.

On your second birthday your chest and head measured nineteen inches. You had begun to scribble on father's best wallpaper and were saying two or three-word sentences.

From your second to your eleventh birthday you grew taller at the rate of two-and-a-half inches a year.

The next year you added three inches. When you were twelve your height was 4 feet 10 inches, weight 6 stone 11 pounds.

It was a sad day for mother when a few days after your fifth birthday she took you to school for the first time.

She felt that things would "never be quite the same again"; but father's attitude was "this is where he starts to get all the chances I missed." That, say teachers, is almost invariably the average parents' attitude.

Did you realise your father's dreams of a brilliant offspring? Not on your life!

The old school-report phrase, "could do better, but lacks concentration," neatly summed you up in those days. It's the most common comment of all.

Shining Eve

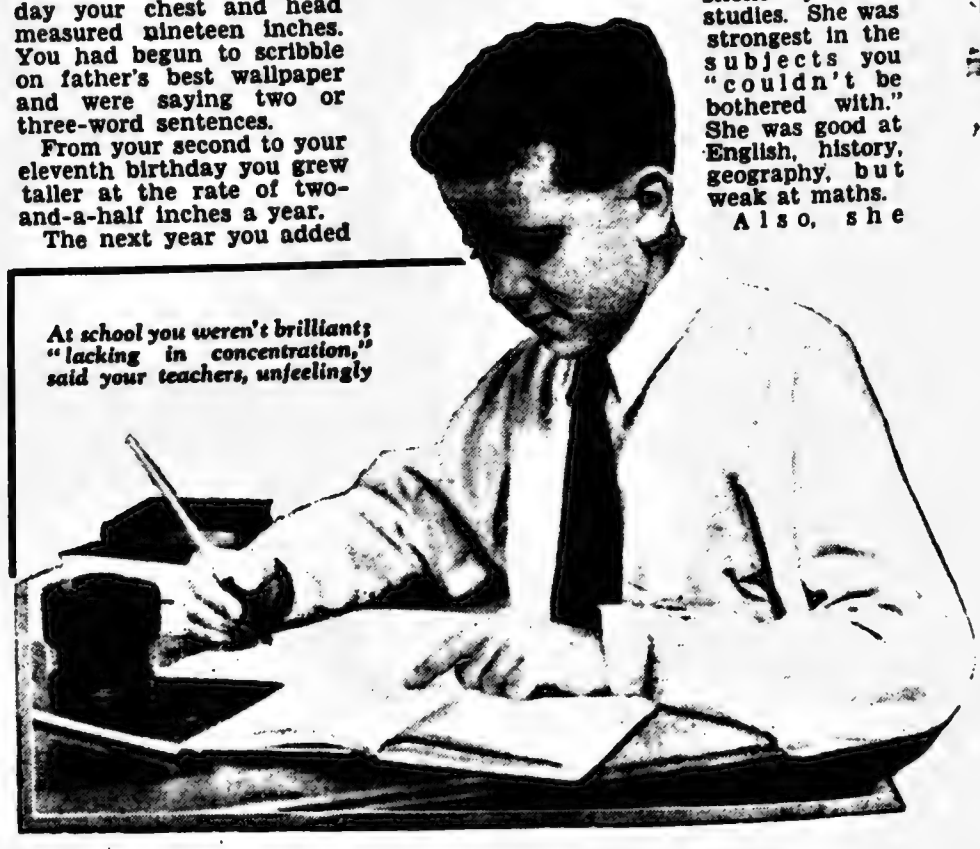
Schoolmasters who have taught thousands of boys say that you were a "sober, serious worker," rather than a bright scholar.

Your English was shaky, your spelling poor. But you were good at handicrafts, especially woodwork.

On leaving school, you had no clear idea of what trade you wanted to enter. "Something in engineering" was your choice.

The girl outshone you at studies. She was strongest in the subjects you "couldn't be bothered with." She was good at English, history, geography, but weak at maths.

Also, she



At school you weren't brilliant; "lacking in concentration," said your teachers, unfeelingly

THE COMPOSITE MAN

learned poetry more easily, because she had a better memory. It was only after your fifteenth birthday that your memory began to improve, until it bettered hers.

At school, according to Punishment Book statistics, you were caned once. At fourteen years, you wore your first "long 'uns."

Your voice broke at fifteen years two months, and at sixteen you persuaded your father to give you your first shave.

You were then pretending to enjoy your first cigarettes, and trying not very successfully to inhale the smoke.

Though you found a job—at 10s. a week—two months after leaving school, the Average Girl spent a month longer at home before starting out into the world.

But she beat you over the weekly wage. She was paid 12s. 6d. a week.

At eighteen you were dared to have that first drink. You "shamed 'em" and took the stuff. It tasted horrible!

At twenty-one you got drunk and were afterwards thoroughly ashamed of yourself.

By that time you had found a real job, but not before changing your job twice. Meanwhile, your feminine counterpart was holding down her occupation until the time she went home to help mother—or left to get married.

You knew what you wanted at this stage—and your smile was eight teeth strong

Remember your first love affair? It was a girl who worked at the same place as you did.

The romance ended with a quarrel six weeks later, and you thought the sun had stopped shining.

Soon after there was another romance; then a gap until, at twenty-five, you met *the* girl—an Average Girl (though you would deny that) two years younger than you.

Your courtship proper lasted eighteen months.

At the Altar

Jewellers (who are not supposed to notice these things) say you spent half-an-hour together looking at the rings in the window, then went in and chose a three-stone diamond ring, price £4 4s.

You paid £1 on deposit and the balance the following week. Later, you returned—alone—to buy the wedding ring for £2.

One July day—that's the favourite month—you went to the altar and said, "I will."

See yourself again that day.

You were twenty-seven, according to the marriage statistics; she, twenty-five.

Your hair (medium brown) was carefully brushed back. You puffed out your 36½ inch chest and nearly burst your 15-inch collar with pride.

A new blue suit, with a carnation as buttonhole, new soft grey hat (size 6¼), shiny black shoes (size eight) all added to your overwhelming importance.

No wonder you drew yourself up to your full 5 feet 7½ inches and felt all the dignity of your eleven stone one when she whispered in church: "You look marvellous."

But your bride (height, 5 feet 5 inches; bust, 34 inches; weight, eight stone seven) really did look marvellous.

Your Quarrels

You were glad she insisted on a "white wedding." The dress cost £3 3s. and the veil £1 1s.—and the result was well worth it.

So you set up house, after buying £40 worth of furniture, the money payable on a weekly basis over four years.

In the first year you quarrelled twice. Anyway, that's what probation officers and welfare workers say.

Seventeen months after marriage a new voice was heard in the home. You were now a father — but no longer the Boss!

Friends said, "He's ridiculously like his father"; or "why, she's exactly like you, dear!"

Both of you decided that (1) the compliment was original; and (2) it was justified. We have no statistics to justify that particular assertion, but we know it's true, all right.

Statisticians calculate that the average family consists of 3.62 persons. Now, .62 of a child can be embarrassing. Very well; your second baby—and, so far, the last—was born two years after the first.

To-day you, Average Man, are in your thirty-fifth year, and your firstborn has just started school. You earn £3 12s. a week, of which you pay 15s. a week in rent on your six-roomed house.

About 31s. a week goes on food, and 4s. 6d. on beer and cigarettes—3s. of that on beer.

Latest available statistics on Britain's annual thirst show that the 31,500,000 people of over twenty years of age spend an average of £7 16s. a year on drink. That works out nicely at 3s. a week.

You've three suits, according to tailors—a "Sunday best," a working suit and a pair of flannel trousers, pullover and sports coat.

There is a radio set, and your hobby is gardening. Your wife's hobby—when she has time—is knitting. Needlework comes second, and reading third.

She goes to the cinema forty-nine times a year; you go forty-three times.

Well, that's where and what you are to-day. What does to-morrow hold for you?

When she has time, Average Woman's hobby is knitting

Let's see what the law of averages makes of your chances.

Money first.

You have an odds-on chance of maintaining your present rate of income for many years to come—assuming that you are in work and earning £3 12s.

Thus you will maintain your place among the 8,642,000 family units earning under £4 a week. Four of every five wage-earners in the country are on this level.

You have one chance in five of earning between £4 and £10 a week—and qualifying for the privilege of paying income tax.

If you're aiming higher than this, the odds begin to pile up against you.

It's twenty to one against your earning more than £10 a week. The number of families in this category is only 616,700.

Whether or not you succeed in doing this depends on yourself and — equally important — on opportunities. But assuming that you do, you will no longer be the average man.

Marriage Month

Generally speaking, you may expect that your wage will show a small increase in the next ten years.

In the next fifteen years you are likely to have one serious illness and influenza twice.

If your job entails "close work" you will begin to wear glasses at the age of 42. Probably only for work, though.

About marriage—and women. . . .

A single woman, reasonably attractive, and between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-six, has the maximum chance of marrying.

After twenty-six, her chances begin to decrease. From thirty onwards the odds against marriage increase year by year.

Seventeen of every thousand of the "marriageables" will wed this year. This month is the most popular for brides—so hurry!

If you are a telephone girl, your chances are particularly good. The marriage rate is the highest of any woman's occupation. Shop assistants come second, teachers third, nurses fourth.

Your Health

Expecting to be a mother soon?

Then take heart. You have 249 chances in 250 of surviving your confinement and retaining your health. The odds in your favour are increasing steadily as medical science and skill improve.

Average man and woman, you must guard against accidents, especially those on the roads.

Judging by the average casualty figures over the last five years, you have only one chance in 5,000 of being killed on the road. But for injury in a road accident the odds shorten alarmingly: they are about one in 300!

How long will you live?

With average luck, the Average Man should live to seventy-two.

The average male life nowadays is 58.7 years, but in arriving at that figure all the deaths that occur in childhood, youth and middle age are taken into account.

The figure represents a six-and-a-half year increase in expectation of life since 1910.

Two centuries ago the average life was thirty-eight years. In the Middle Ages, when the Four Horsemen indeed rode out, it was only nineteen!

You will live longest if you are a clergyman, Civil Servant, doctor or lawyer.

If a clerk, not quite so long.

Miners, incidentally, live the shortest time of any after retirement from work.

If you are a married woman between the ages of 25 and 60, you are less likely to die than your unmarried sister.

Are you between ten and fifteen? You'll never be healthier than you are now.

Between fifty and sixty? Take care, you're at the most critical age for serious illness.

She'll Win

You have less than one chance in 1,000,000 of dying of measles this year, and one chance in 10,000 of dying from bronchitis.

Naturally, you want to dodge illness and live long.

If you succeed, how will you have spent your years?

Well, prepare for a shock.

A man of eighty years has devoted twenty-seven of them to—work. But only two years and one day to laughing.

Another twenty-seven whole years have passed unnoticed in sleep. He has read the newspapers for three hundred days on end.

Six days have gone to the cleaning of his spectacles; six days, also, to looking for his collar-stud!

And, the glutton, his meals have swallowed up six years.

But even these melancholy figures will hardly weaken your desire for longevity.

Your wife has twice your chances of living to eighty-five or over, and five times your chances of topping the century.

But as *she* has only one chance in 350,000 of achieving it, well—just forget it.

She'll have the last word, anyway, for she will survive you by four years.

Thirst aid

The ideal drink, made in less than no time. Taste the coolness of the lemons, the smoothness of the real barley. Nothing like it for camping.

Just add cold water

BORWICK'S
LEMON BARLEY
POWDER
3d. 7½d & 10½d

George Borwick & Sons Ltd.,
1 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

2a.

GONE are the DAYS

"Her picture was highly coloured"

THE moment he set foot outside the station he had a feeling it wasn't going to work. You can't go back after twenty years and carry on where you left off. You think you can, but you can't.

There used to be fields outside the station—fields right down to the river. Now there were houses and shops and, of all things in the world, motor buses. Very pleasant, of course, you'd say if you were seeing it all for the first time. But Henry Rider wasn't.

Houses and buses. This meant crowds in the summer. It used to be the quietest little corner you could hope to find.

Grange-in-the-Meadow . . . and where was the meadow now?

Old Jacob must hate it. Sitting there behind the bar counter of the "Barge of State," saucing the parrot when it sauced him. What *was* that parrot's name, now? Peter the Great, that was it. Even Peter the Great must hate it.

Where the River Walk turned away from the end of the bridge—the bridge that never saw a bus in a week twenty years ago—there was a little building like something off a seaside pier. A kiosk!

HOW he detested it, as soon as he saw it! The old man with the whiskers ought to be there selling his pies. The old man with the whiskers always *was* there. Twenty years ago, anyway. The corner of River Walk just wasn't the corner of River Walk without him. It was *wrong*.

Henry Rider stopped and glared at the yellow monstrosity. FILMS DEVELOPPED IN TWELVE HOURS, it said down one of the panels. He ground his teeth. The fools couldn't even spell! He loathed the yellow kiosk. He wanted to tear it out by its flimsy foundations and fling it in the river.

Grange-in-the-Meadow . . . what *had* they done to it?

A woman sat behind an easel a few yards along River Walk, painting Grange-in-the-Meadow as it was to-day. Painting it very well, too, as he saw when he stopped to look.

"DO you mind?" he asked.

"Not at all," she said, with a smile. She was thirty-three or so. She did not look, he thought, a bit like an artist. Not that he had ever known an artist. Her picture was a bit highly coloured. It made Grange-in-the-Meadow look nicer than it was. Still, that wasn't difficult now!

A pity he hadn't been able to afford to hire somebody in the old days to paint it as it had been. Now nobody would ever be able to do that. As it had been, with the ferry and the Island. . . .

He blinked. What *had* happened to the Island? He remembered the ferry-boat that took you across, worked by a one-armed man, who could manage the ferry-boat all right, one arm or not. Ted My Lad, everybody used to call him. Funny name. He'd always been able to tell you the weather for the next day.

Now there was a motor boat in place of the old flat-bottomed ferry. A motor boat with the words FLEET OF THE RIVER in gold letters on the side. And the grinning fool who had charge of it had got somebody to work the word ADMIRAL across the front of his peaked cap.

Ted My Lad? Dead, most likely, years ago. He hadn't expected that. Hadn't expected that the old ferryman could die. His had been one of the first of the old faces that Henry Rider had expected to see after twenty years. Poor old Ted My Lad.

But what *was* that on the Island? The old cottage had gone; no more swings for the kids. Where once they had stood, stood now what you could only call a roadhouse—only that there was no road. It was bright red and had orange umbrellas all round on its lawns. Lawns! Rough grass it used to be, and hollyhocks. He could see himself asking for a penny glass of lemonade there now!

A pity, he thought, that a fire couldn't bring the whole lot down to ashes. He raised his hat and left the woman to her painting, strolled slowly along River Walk.

There was a green door with a brass plate by its side. Well, that was something. There always had been a green door with a brass plate by its side. He stopped and read it out. Dr. Winterherb. Heaven above! What a name! Winterherb. . . .

What did it used to be? Something. . . . Brown. Yes, of course. Plain Dr. Brown. Well, who was this Winterherb, anyway, and what was he doing in Dr. Brown's place? Couldn't anything stay as it was?

HE was sorry he had come back. It made him sad. He walked along to the "Barge of State" and felt that suddenly somebody had given him a slap in the face.

The old pub that he'd thought about more than anything connected with Grange-in-the-Meadow in the long years since he had gone away. The old pub that had stood there, without any alteration that need have worried you, for the better part of four hundred years. The old "Barge of State."

Only now it *said* OLD. And with an E on the end! And they'd dug up all the grass in front of it and laid red gravel behind chains and posts and they'd washed its face and put a clean collar on it, as it were; painted it green and cream so that you could see it a mile away across the river.

YE OLDE BARGE OF STATE. . . .

He pushed open the door and went in. The door, he remembered, always used to squeak. It didn't squeak now.

A man with the biggest black moustache Henry Rider had ever seen was behind the bar, a red-faced woman by his side, knitting.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Moustache.

Henry Rider asked for a Double-O. That had always been the big thing here. Moustache was very sorry. No Double-O now. The Nine Star Brewery had bought the place some years ago and Double-O wasn't one of their lines.

"Well, whatever you've got," said Henry. He had a pint of whatever they'd got, and then some bread and cheese in a little side room. He stopped half an hour, but only because he was tired and didn't feel equal to more shocks. He remembered the little side room, but not like this. Not with these pictures. Not with this furniture.

AS he came away he screwed up courage to ask about old Jacob.

"Old *who*, sir?" said Moustache.

"Jacob," said Henry.

"Ah, before my time, sir," said Moustache. "Man named Crawley I took over from, five years ago. Tall man, thin."

"He had a parrot," Henry Rider explained. "Parrot with a comic name. Peter the Great."

"No doubt, sir," said Moustache.

(Continued on page 21)

Another
"Aren't Folk Queer?"
Story by
Will Scott

See how gritty tooth-pastes scratch and score the thin enamel of your teeth.

These teeth are safe from damage. Their protective enamel is unscratched.

Are you encouraging
Tooth Decay?

Don't take risks with the vital 1/1,000th of an inch of enamel which keeps out decay.

The enamel which protects your teeth from decay at the gum line is *far* thinner than a sheet of paper. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which wear enamel away!

Make sure your tooth-paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. Postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. J.B. 22) Norwich. Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol®

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice: There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Henry loved Grange-in-the-Meadow once. He hated it now . . .

Next Week:

You'll be amused, yet touched, by the tale of Guinea Jack and the tavern named after him. How the old scrounger lost his guinea and was thrown into the sea; how the guinea brought luck to a hungry tramp years after its real owner was forgotten—it's a yarn that displays Will Scott at his best.

"Never heard of any parrot here. Not in my time."

"Oh," said Henry. "I see. Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir," said Moustache.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the red-faced woman.

Slowly Henry made his way back along River Walk.

Grange-in-the-Meadow! What a graveyard of dead dreams. . . . Old Jacob gone. Peter the Great gone. Not only gone, but forgotten. The old pub altered till you didn't know it. No Double-O, no anything.

OLD house on the Island gone. Its swings and its ferry-boat and Ted My Lad. No lemonade at a penny a glass. Dr. Brown gone. The old man with his whiskers and his pies gone. Everybody and everything gone.

He was a fool to have come back. He ought to have known.

He had loved Grange-in-the-Meadow once. He had loved its memory for twenty years. He hated it now.

He hated the yellow kiosk and the new place on the Island and the stupid name on the brass plate and Moustache and the Admiral and his Fleet and all the rest of it.

Henry Rider turned his back on Grange-in-the-Meadow.

The woman artist was in the train. She was rather a jolly woman when you got to know her. She was, she explained, illustrating a book about the river from its source to the sea for a firm of publishers. She only put down rough impressions on her canvas. Then she took photographs That was her camera on the rack. She worked the pictures up afterwards, getting the details from the photographs.

"Very interesting," said Henry.

"You've got to live," said she.

SHE had been two days at Grange-in-the-Meadow, staying at the "Barge of State." It was, she said, the first time she had ever been there.

"I knew it well twenty years ago," said Henry Rider.

They parted at Waterloo.

They met at Swanage, the following summer, by chance. They were staying in the same hotel and, of course, they remembered each other. A fortnight is a long time and they were often together. Her name, he discovered early, was Catherine. He thought it suited her, wondering the next moment why he troubled to think so at all.

The book was finished long ago, she told him. She was illustrating serials for magazines now. She had a little studio in Chelsea. Sometimes she gave parties there, full of mad people like artists and writers. He must come to one some time. If he'd care to.

He cared to. And he liked the parties.

But more particularly the quieter times when there were no parties.

At forty he had ceased to think of himself as a marrying man, but there was something about Catherine which made her seem different from the other women he had known.

One day he found himself almost apologising for the fact that he was on the wrong side of forty. And before he quite knew what was happening he had proposed to her and she had accepted him. Incredibly busy days followed, getting ready.

They sat one evening in her flat, discussing the future and where the honeymoon should be spent. She was turning out old treasures, scrapping some things they were unlikely to want together in their joint life. Albums of photographs she put aside and one fell out.

She picked it up.

"Remember that, dear?" she said, passing it to him.

It was Grange-in-the-Meadow, from the bridge.

"That's where we first met," she reminded him. As if he needed reminding. He said so.

"You could see the 'Barge of State' if it wasn't for those trees," he said.

"I've got one of it," said Catherine. "I've got a whole set I took that day."

"What! That very day?"

"Yes."

She displayed them with pride—or was it happiness because they had been taken on that very day?

There was the "Barge of State" and the River Walk and the Island with its roadless roadhouse and its orange umbrellas.

"They did a most marvellous tea there," said Catherine.

"I didn't go across," said Henry.

"You didn't sail in the Fleet?" Catherine seemed amazed that anybody could go to Grange-in-the-Meadow and not sail in the Fleet.

CATHERINE looked a long time at the views she had taken from the Island, the view showing the long waterfront and the village from the bridge to below the "Barge of State."

"Would you like to go there, Henry?" she asked.

"For——?"

"For our honeymoon."

"Where we first met. . . ."

"Yes. . . ."

"And stay at the 'Barge of State'?"

"You could talk politics with the landlord every evening in the bar."

"I used to call him Moustache."

"He's a dear. You'd like him."

"And we could row across to the Island for tea every day."

"With the Admiral in his Fleet!"

"Tea under those funny little orange umbrellas."

"And take photographs of each other."

"And have them *developped* at that comic little yellow kiosk."

"And get to know Dr. Winterherb and see if he's as funny as his name."

"And——"

"And——"

"And everything."

"Grange-in-the-Meadow!"

"Where I first met you."

"There's nowhere like it!"

"There never could be, could there?"

Henry turned over the photographs slowly. The yellow kiosk, the bright red building on the Island, the "Barge of State" with its neat red gravel and its chains, the Admiral, the Fleet . . . everything just as it had been on the day when he first met her.

"I'll write to-night," he said, "and make sure of the rooms. In case somebody else gets there first."

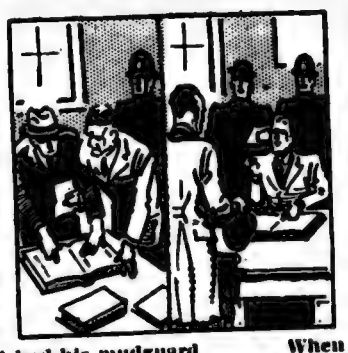
Cavalcade of the C.I.D.

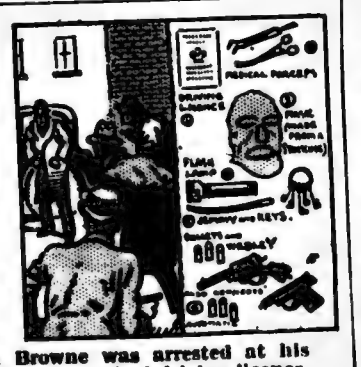
Unmasked by Microscope

P.C. Gutteridge was found brutally murdered in an Essex lane. His flash-lamp was still in his pocket; evidently the crime had been committed in the early hours of the morning. Tyre marks on the road indicated the murderers' get-away. Two bullets were found close to the body; a third extracted from the skull was examined by a Home Office expert.

Late next day a bloodstained car was abandoned at Brixton, London. Detectives found a used cartridge under the seat. It bore the mark R.L.6 A great "comb out" of the underworld followed. At last, only four remained on the suspect list.

Many weeks later, the hunt was narrowed down to two desperate characters, Browne and Kennedy. Then a trivial incident supplied a clue. Under an arch, a motorist had his mudguard damaged by a dangerously driven car, whose number he reported. Near Sheffield, a policeman stopped the car, spoke to the driver and his companion, took the former's name and address. Both particulars proved false. But the Sheffield policeman knew the driver's mate as a Sheffield man, traced him, and thus enabled Scotland Yard to identify the pair.





When Browne was arrested at his Clapham garage, faked driving licence, medical forceps, mask, jemmy, skeleton keys and a fully loaded revolver were discovered—with ammunition bearing the mark R.L.6. Kennedy was caught in Liverpool after a desperate struggle. At the trial, a comparison microscope was used for the first time in public. Both men went to the gallows.

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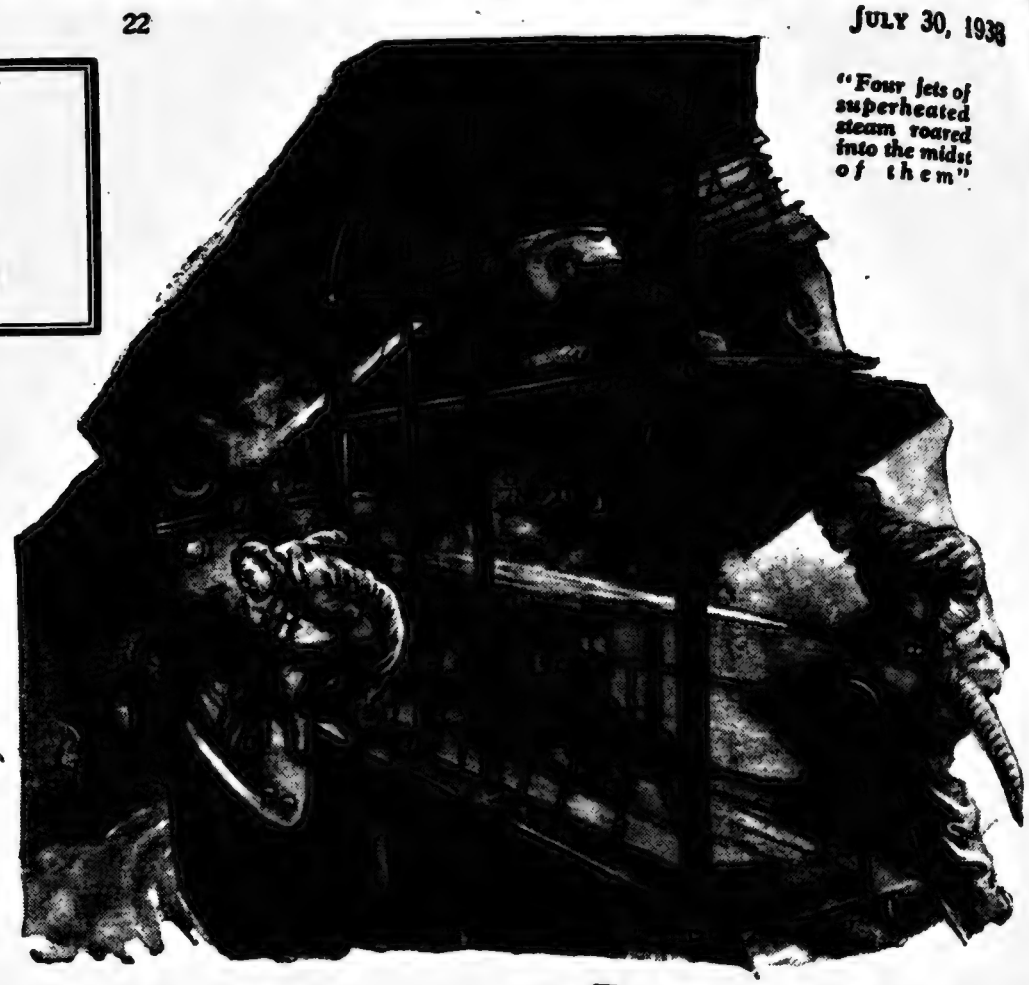
Story by
FRANK H. SHAW



"Four jets of superheated steam roared into the midst of them"

RUM ROW!

IT was better than being left to rot on the beach, and the prospect of hectic adventure appealed. I'd heard a lot of the bootlegging trade, and was interested to see how much truth the stories about that illicit traffic held.

My owner said: "I can't offer any seagoing employment for Heaven knows how long; but there's a chance offering to run liquor to the States. How do you feel about it?"

"Anything's better than loafing on shore," I swore.

He said there was plenty risk. Not only from the U.S. Revenue fleet, but also from hijackers, who were as prevalent as lice and as nasty. But seafaring had made me not care overmuch which way the cards turned up. So I agreed.

Fortunately, the *Andromeda* was a fast ship. She'd been built for special war service; and when I came across her during Armageddon—that's a story worth telling—she was doing a lot of odd jobs wherein speed and strength were vitally necessary.

Selecting a crew was not easy. I needed tough men who'd fight to a finish in case of emergency, but who were also amenable to discipline, who wouldn't get drunk and blab. A rare combination! I hand-picked them; and when they were lined up they certainly looked fit to go anywhere and do anything.

It was necessary to procure arms, too. Not with an idea of resisting Authority, but to defend ourselves in case of hijacking. Just as old-time highwaymen were preyed upon by all kinds of filthy parasites, so were bootleggers victimised by a riff-raff of even lower humanity than themselves.

It meant collecting six-shooters, shotguns and automatics where I could. Arms weren't easily come by just then. But we collected an arsenal.

However, I had a card up my sleeve which might prove more effective than firearms. I went into a huddle with my chief engineer, a raw-edged Clydesider who had once been fired from a fat job by a Yankee interloper, and who'd have walked barefoot through hell to get square with anyone of that nationality.

We filled up with liquor in Antwerp, where export licences were not so necessary as at home. Liquor was cheap, it was also of the best quality. Rum, whisky, gin and champagne formed the better part of the load.

PROPRIETARY brands of spirits were much in demand; not only for the sake of the hooch itself, but also for the individual bottles in which it was contained.

You see, the importers had a happy trick of drilling a small hole in the bottles' bases, extracting the genuine contents whilst the seal was left intact, and then refilling the empty carcases with bootlegged stuff of searing quality, to be sold as the real Mackay.

We washed down the cargo with salt-water hoses to damp the labels and give the bottles an authentic "smuggled" smell. For a crafty race the Americans are the most easily hoodwinked breed I've ever known!

Nearing the U.S. coast, I was challenged by a Revenue ship, which fired a blank shot as a signal to heave-to.

A SPRUCE young navy officer boarded me. I'd met him during the war, when Q-boating. He'd been an ensign then in a submarine-chaser. We recognised each other. I blustered and asked what right he had to challenge me thus far from the territorial limits. He winked; he also advised me, for my own good, to be amenable. I swore, hand on heart, that I was taking my cargo to the Bahamas.

"Coals to Newcastle, Cap.?" he enquired drolly. "They brew a pretty hefty brand of liquor there on their own account!"

But I defied him—though in a friendly way. I showed him my bills of lading.

He said he had orders, if suspicious, to leave a guard aboard until we made port. I said it was against the rule of the sea; he said if they were wrong the Government would make ample apology.

"Own up, Cap.—you're hoping to run this stuff, aren't you now?" he asked. I told him he'd got to prove it. But I took him below and opened a bottle of champagne for him, and he pretended to be impressed by my bona-fides.

Departing, he winked again and said: "Your ship's name is listed; if she happens to be run-in in the wrong place there'll be no get-out for you."

I couldn't tackle an armed warship, of course; one shot from him would have spitchered us. Besides, we hadn't the speed to make a run for it. So I accepted his hint; and when we were allowed to proceed—myself blustering about reporting the insult to my country's big shots—I waited until dark fell.

Then I stopped ship and, profiting by my Q-boat experience, completely disguised her. We used to do that, during the war, every time we sighted an enemy submarine, even if we didn't engage her. The ship's funnel was repainted, her name letters were shifted, the holes plugged and painted over, a new name and port of registry substituted. I even had her rig altered so far as it was possible to alter a steamer's top-hamper.

DURING the night, too, we steamed due north in order to approach Rum Row from an entirely different angle. There was all the excitement of blockade-running, as I'd known it during the Cuban war and during a number of South American revolutions.

True, we didn't run much greater risks than of going to jail for an indeterminate period; but if we ran away from pursuit we were liable to be fired on and even sunk. It was wrong—according to the moral codes. I eased my conscience by saying that it was better for prohibition America to drink decent liquor than the madness-provoking bath-tub gin that was her chief beverage.

WE got a wireless message to make for a certain point on the chart. There we were met by a small, fast power-boat, which displayed accurate night signals. She supplied me with a pilot, who (I was suspicious) provided me with a guarantee of his loyalty; we then proceeded, with all lights dowsed.

We saw occasional searchlights lighting up the clouds. There was a growing sense of excitement. We even heard the low roll of challenging gunfire—not directed at us.

I kept the bridge with the pilot. The searchlights seemed close. I suggested stopping and turning tail, but he assured me our venture was well organised. Indeed, it was so.

As the lights seemed about to pick us up, red flares were shown to the far south; the patrols turned to investigate. Decoys, the pilot said, to draw the sleuths off the scent.

With almost uncountable millions invested in the illicit trade, the deflers of Authority had built up an organisation as complete as the navy's.

(Continued on page 24)

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

6½D BOTTLE makes 24 TUMBLERS

Of course I take a laxative

BEECHAMS PILLS PREVENT MY SYSTEM GETTING LAZY!

Change of food and change of air are apt to upset most people. But this can easily be avoided if you remember to take your Beechams Pills. This famous home remedy has been the stand-by of millions for three generations—the safest, gentlest yet most effective laxative ever known. You can get Beechams Pills everywhere.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

AS EASY AS ABC TO REMEMBER—

A 'snack' and Bulmer's Cider

MAKE A SUSTAINING MEAL

There's a lot to be said for a light lunch—say bread and cheese and Bulmer's! Bulmer's Cider, made from the juice of fine apples, quenches your thirst and assists digestion, and it doesn't make you sleepy in the afternoon. Athletes and busy business men particularly appreciate it. It's not expensive either, a flagon fills five glasses.

ASK FOR BULMER'S 'DRY' CIDER
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2½ lbs of Apples to every flagon

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Hereford. The Largest Cider Makers in the World.

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 12

Norma is offered a Professional Part

AH, MISS KNIGHT, I'VE BEEN THINKING SINCE I SAW YOU IN THAT AMATEUR SHOW THAT I MIGHT OFFER YOU A PART IN MY NEW PLAY.
OH, MR. CARSON!
IT'S QUITE AN IMPORTANT PART BUT I THINK YOU CAN MAKE A SUCCESS OF IT.

Punctually at seven, Norma was at the theatre for the interview with Humphrey Carson.

. . . . AND, MUMMY, HE SAID INTELLIGENCE AND BEAUTY!
WELL, MY DEAR, YOU HAVE GOT A BEAUTIFUL SKIN AND YOU'VE Knight's Castile TO THANK FOR THAT.

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

Every girl can have a skin as lovely as Norma's by using Knight's Castile every day. *More Norma in the next episode.*

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Keep your hair lustrous and healthy this quick, simple way

SALT WATER washes away oils that are essential to healthy hair. Hot sun dries, bleaches and splits hair! Together, sun and salt water cause DRY SCALP — make your hair stringy, lifeless!

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning rub on a few drops with your fingertips until your scalp tingles pleasantly.

Your hair will be protected all day long from the sun and salt water. After a swim your hair will comb perfectly into place. You'll *feel* and *look* smart again!

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices not applicable to Eire.

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For a trial bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a packet of "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps with your name and address to Dept. J B.12, Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

1588

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1 Gets under dirt, scurf and dandruff.
2 Gets scalp and hair really clean.
3 Leaves no sticky soap scum deposit in hair.

"VASELINE" SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 4D

Continuing

Rum Row

We were not taken to the usual Rum-Row, where most contrabandists forgathered; my pilot took us to a different spot. The weather grew wild, the water was too deep to allow anchoring; we simply slugged around in a narrow circle until the power-boats designed to relieve us of our load appeared.

By day we steamed on a course, as if heading for a definite port. By night we returned to our station. We saw fast craft scudding by. Sometimes we were hailed. But the hails did not satisfy me. I had rigged appliances whereby a too-adventurous boat coming alongside could be sunk.

Then a speed-boat drew near that gave the correct signals. Even so, I was suspicious and allowed only one man to board us. He exhibited correct credentials, authorising him to take one hundred cases of mixed liquors. I took him to my cabin.

Then he offered me a bribe to allow him to take a few more cases on his own account. This I refused. I gave him a drink, he had his purchase lowered to his tender, off he scudded to some secret landing-place.

SO far, so good. It was disappointingly commonplace. I'd traded in South Sea ports with infinitely greater risk: had concealed men covering the savages who came aboard with pearls and suchlike truck. More than once we'd had to shoot.

I was thinking out of my time. The fun hadn't really begun. It was the difficulty of landing the contraband that made them collect it in such small parcels. The ship was paid extra for this demurrage.

The types of collectors differed a lot. There were genuine gorillas, who seemed to pack a gun in every pocket. There were also cultured men, obviously doing it for a lark.

There was a secret office ashore where the warrants were issued: anyone who could satisfy the importers was at liberty to take a parcel. To my mind, it was like keeping a pub by wholesale!

But one night I nearly found my end.

An agent satisfied me and came aboard, slamming down the usual roll of notes and stating his requirements. All the notes were sound, so I instructed the mate to have the men get up his needs.

His powerful motor-lighter drew alongside. My silent winches struck the slingfuls down. When the last case was over the side, the agent suggested a drink.

Inside my cabin, he suddenly yanked a gun as big as a cannon from his armpit. He rasped: "Stick 'em up!"

I obeyed, reaching for the beams above. He demanded all the money in the ship! But I'd made arrangements.

The thug had seen me deposit the money in the safe in my sleeping-cabin: I told him I'd get it. He accompanied me.

When I stooped to work the combination of the safe, he stood behind me on a carpeted bit of the deck. His gun was poked into my spine. And he was ugly.

I VENTURED to remonstrate that he couldn't get away with it. But he laughed. I saw he meant murder. He was a gangster of the worst type—to kill was second nature.

So I slid a hand to the side of the safe and pressed the button my electrician had fitted. The section of the deck on which he stood opened and shot him like a sack of coals down into a bunker—a thirty-foot drop. I'd arranged the whole trap, and it worked.

Before he came to his senses he was lugged on deck and pitched neck and crop into his lighter—and if my men looted him of the rest of his roll, I asked no questions!

That trick worked with a lone bandit. But there was always the fear of a concerted raid. We could ask no one for protection. One night, with our freight half-discharged, we might have struck it ugly but for my precautions.

A big lighter signalled, answered the counter-signals, and was permitted alongside. After the previous hold-up nothing was allowed to touch us without my crew being readied. The customary formalities were indulged in. Credentials were shown and approved. The order was got up on deck.

As it was being lowered overside—I had got the money, of course—a whole troop of men poured up from the lighter, hooking poles to my rails.

It was a well-concocted bit of barefaced piracy. These men, armed to the teeth, were the ugliest batch of toughs I've ever seen.

THEY lined up my men. I could have ordered shooting, but that meant risk of losing good men. The crew obeyed orders and four ruffians approached the bridge-deck where I stood.

They ordered me to put my hands up.

These people didn't intend merely to steal the contents of the safe and what remained of the cargo. They ordered the anchors to be raised and the ship taken to a port of their own choice.

But there was just one point they'd forgotten—we were ready for them.

My chief engineer's gadgets came into play. His men, in hiding, got four armoured hose into action—and four jets of superheated steam roared into the midst of them.

You never saw tables turned so dramatically.

My crew knew their work. They dashed for cover, leaving the hijackers to take the brunt of the steam. And it was excellent steam! The pirates did a lot of confused shooting, but the jets simply scalded their guns out of their hands.

They weakened and ran for the rails, diving overboard blindly. Many were blinded, I fear. Some of us were hit by the loose bullets, but that was one of the risks we ran. No one was killed—on our side, at least.

As the decks cleared, the engineers, with asbestos-coverings on hands and faces, pointed the nozzles down to the lighter, which cast off in a hurry. It didn't get far. Speed-boats came roaring out with the bootlegging gang: a crisp naval engagement followed.

They told me afterwards that we'd squelched the most dangerous gang of hijackers on the coast. There was no more interference and the rest of our illicit freight was soon unloaded.

A handsome profit resulted, as might be imagined. My employers complimented me on the foresight shown in rigging those steam-hoses, without which we'd have been overcome and probably exterminated. They offered me permanent employment at the same mad game, and I had visions of making a colossal fortune.

But I refused the offer. Anonymous warnings reached me that if I so much as showed my face in territorial waters again I would be killed in the worst fashion known to gangsterdom.

All the money in the world wasn't worth that. So I quit and bought a share in an honest trading ship, which was bombed and sunk the other day in Valencia. One day I may be moved to tell of experiences during this present Spanish war. For the merchant seaman's chance to leave the beaten track is still wide open, and the chances of riotous adventure are still plentiful. We shall see.

Next Week:
Skippers Don't Care

Not from the B.B.C.

Silence Means Dissent

Let laymen answer the parson back!

How often have we sat in pews,
While yawns we sought to smother,
And listened to a parson's views
On this and that and t'other!

E'en when we felt convinced that he
Was through his headgear drawling,
To interject, we feared would be
Equivalent to brawling.

But heckling rights, it now appears,
One clergyman has granted;
So questions bottled up for years
May forthwith be decanted!

IN permitting points of his sermon to be questioned from the body of the church, the Rev. Clarence May, of St. Peter's, Piccadilly, certainly deserves credit for an innovation.

But the first experiment on these lines looked rather like a sham fight between pew and pulpit, as the interjector in the pew (whose presence has been arranged for) was a brother parson.

When the Rev. May thundered: "Sin rides triumphant everywhere," a skilled lay heckler would have interjected that a sanitary engineer who proclaimed that typhoid was triumphant everywhere would be simply admitting that he had fallen down on his job.

If parsons are to be answered back, let it be by laymen—though doubtless a cynic would urge that, in some churches, this would be merely encouraging members of the congregation to talk in their sleep.

This, however, would cause less of a pain in the public neck than certain occupants of pulpits talking of "orgies" whenever young people romp on a beach.

When talking in church is confined to the pulpit the result is too often a combination of clergyman's sore throat and layman's sore head.

Forbidden as youngsters to answer back, we console ourselves with the thought of how we'll make up for lost time when we attain the dignity and (as we imagine) the safety of long pants.

But, even when clad in ankle-length, unbirchable trousers, we find that there are still numerous occasions when, despite an almost unbearable urge to speech, our lips are sealed.

We perhaps can say "Boo" to a goose,
But we cannot say "Bah!" to a judge!
Nor can we, unhappily, hand out the bird
(At least in a way that our views will be heard)
To a crooner by wireless, however absurd,
Or a spouter of radio fudge.

An Englishman's right to free speech
Is something most Englishmen lack,
Since bosses and preachers, the road patrol crew,
Taxation officials when taxes are due,
And the wife of one's bosom are only a few
Of the persons one can't answer back!

Y. Z.

Nothing but Good Wood come of it!

If every English housewife put a jar of Pan Yan on the table when she laid for every meal, nothing but good would come of it! How Pan Yan's spicy flavour brightens things up—and brightens people's faces, too! It's specially good with cold meat, and it isn't only that Pan Yan tastes so appetising—it's actually blended to stimulate digestive action. That helps to keep the family happy, too—because everybody knows that good temper starts in the stomach!

PAN YAN—FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

COOLING

Delicious sparkling Andrews sweetens mouth, breath, throat and stomach. It tones up liver and kidneys, and gently but thoroughly clears the bowels. Deep-down, cooling Inner Cleanliness is complete. The body-heating impurities are washed away: the blood purified. You are refreshed and invigorated. Through the summer just drink a glass of Andrews whenever you feel like it. That's the way to keep in tip-top condition. Get your own tin of Andrews Liver Salt today. 4 ozs. 9d and 8 ozs. 1/4d.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

THE REFRESHING TONIC LAXATIVE

(178)

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 34.

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11. **RELIGION.** The explanation without offence, bias, or sectarian prejudice, of outstanding religious happenings.

12. **LIFE.** Tit Bits from the paragraphs of the leading newspaper gossip writers.

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NEWS Review

The First British Newsmagazine

EVERY THURSDAY — SIXPENCE

BEER IS BEST

The oak and ash are English trees
Our hills are fair, though small, ones.
The south-west is our English breeze
Our hollyhocks are tall ones.

All things that men have long found good
Are in our island here,
And not the least, from casks of wood,
Our bright and golden beer!

STICK TO BEER

What is this "Split Mind"?

Fredric March depicts Jekyll and Hyde in the film, but more terrifying still are the real-life facts.

JEKYLL and HYDE do exist in real life—tens of thousands of them!

THOSE of us who have regarded Robert Louis Stevenson's story of "Jekyll and Hyde" as a piece of ridiculous phantasy have had a series of shocks lately.

Following the suicide of a Tooting clerk, for instance, it was revealed last week that he was a man possessed of two totally different personalities.

One is that of a doting father, a kind husband, a brilliant worker, a man of calm, unruffled temperament.

The other frightened his family. It was that of a man of ungovernable temper, dissipated, drunken, depressed.

A month before that a student of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, was sent to Broadmoor for the murder of a boy.

He was a clergyman's son, religious, devout, ambitious to devote his life to missionary work among the most backward people of the earth.

Then, almost suddenly, a new personality grew within him, a personality he struggled to conceal.

It made him just as frigidly unemotional as he was warmly sentimental in his ordinary moments. It tempered him steel-hard against suffering.

In that mood he killed a boy. And, while waiting trial, he spent his time craving the opportunity to do the killing again so that he could do it "better."

To go back just one month more, there was the boy of twenty-one found guilty of malicious wounding, but held to be of unsound mind.

He was a very ordinary boy in one mood. In the other—the mood in which he savagely attacked a man with scissors—he was a distinguished soldier coming home from the wars determined to display his ruthless power to anyone he met.

"Split mind," say the doctors of these and hundreds of similar cases that have occurred of late. "Schizophrenia" is the word they use among themselves.

It represents scientific acceptance of the angel-and-devil-in-one-body idea that started as the figment of a novelist's imagination in 1886.

It is a startling truth, for there are tens of thousands of sufferers from "split mind" in a greater or lesser degree inside or outside our mental hospitals.

And there are hundreds of thousands of border-line cases. Knowing the symptoms, you might be able to recognise them among people you meet.

First you should know what "split mind" is.

"In effect," a well-known psychologist tells JOHN BULL, "it represents two minds playing at tug-of-war in one body.

"The person has both a normal everyday personality and one that is really foreign to him. Sometimes there is complete surrender to the foreign personality. At others there is endless fluctuation from one to the other, then the onlooker sees the real Jekyll and Hyde aspect of the case."

THIS authority says that mind-splitting is most likely to occur in families where there is a mental history. Also, it often accompanies mental brilliance.

The children of marriages between cousins are more apt to become victims. So is the only child.

Yet the people most prone are those too much lacking in moral courage to be able to adjust themselves to the ever-increasing stress of living.

It is not a clear-cut disease. There are no pathological tests by which its presence can be recognised or its cure demonstrated.

It is more often than not a condition man produces within himself through his efforts to escape from realities.

For instance, a man owes a big sum of money. He tries to forget the debt. To deceive his own self into believing that he doesn't owe a penny, he starts on a career of wild spending.

Soon he acquires Personality No. 2 (the wanton Hyde), which acquires a fine contempt for Personality No. 1 (the benign Jekyll)—or denies its existence altogether.

The Eternal Triangle produces many dual minds.

AN erring husband or wife escapes from a sense of guilt by creating a second personality, which says: "My conscience doesn't trouble me. Not a bit. Why should it? What I am doing is the right thing."

The hard reality is that they are not made in the same mould as people to whom such love affairs mean little.

Spendthrift wives often drive over-sensitive husbands into dual-mindedness.

Such men, too fond of peace and quiet to continue to make protest, force themselves into a "it-doesn't-matter" state of mind, when it does matter all the time.

Naturally, the sterner the battle of life becomes, the more people try to escape from realities.

And so "split mind" becomes more and more common.

Fortunately, there is a cure—a somewhat terrible cure.

By doses of insulin, sufferers are being shocked into a state of coma. Day after day these comas are produced for periods ranging from a few days to three months.

Sometimes—in the very worst cases—the patients are brought to the point of death.

But success means that one day the patient emerges from a coma knowing that Personality No. 2 was nothing but a terrible dream.

In that moment the kindly Jekyll sheds the sinister Hyde.

Here is an instance of how it happens, one that has been reported to our Board of Control in Lunacy.

A patient who had a second self as a woman living in China, and who had horrible delusions as to her life there, came round after one big shock with the words: "I have been dreaming all sorts of things. Chinese things, and things like that."

LUCIDITY dawned at that moment. She lives at home now.

One doctor said of a patient who had just had one of her earliest shocks: "She shows insight for those morbid peculiarities of character which have only recently been present."

And says another doctor of a male patient: "One got the direct impression that, although still completely possessed of his hallucinations, he was already trying to bring some order into his delusions."

How successful is the treatment?

"In some countries there has been 80 per cent. success," the Royal Medico-Psychological Association tells JOHN BULL.

Some doctors, while secretly elated at the high promise of this cure—there is hardly a doctor concerned with the treatment who isn't elated—persist in being over-cautious in discussing what may be expected of it.

Dr. Edward Larkin, a London mental expert, visualises the day when the new insulin treatment may give two-thirds of the patients in our mental hospitals a new chance of recovering sanity. And this shock treatment is certainly showing results with other types of mental disorder.

Without doubt, it will one day be possible to throw out these evil personalities as evil spirits were once cast out.

But what of the hurly-burly conditions of living that help produce these unwanted personalities in greater numbers every year?

Prevention—which is better than cure—doesn't lie with the doctors.

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New White VEET Removes HAIR

WITHOUT RAZORS or smelly depilatories

Apply New 'VEET' straight from the tube. Wash off with water and you wash away every trace of hair. No unpleasant smell. No mess or bother. Skin is left soft, white and velvety smooth. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves. Never use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The modern, clean, quick and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is with New 'VEET.' By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. 32 G.), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

The Good-Natured Laxative

LIXEN

USE BEFORE SMILING! MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO WHITEN TOOTH ENAMEL

Did you know that teeth, so badly stained that the discoloration resists even scraping, will become a beautifully clear white if your dentifrice contains magnesia of the right brand?

Try this on dingy teeth, and see them whiten! There is something in the chemistry of the mouth that blanches the tooth enamel when a certain toothpaste of high magnesia content is used a few times. Phillips' Dental Magnesia gives you 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' and even the deep yellow stains from tobacco disappear completely.

Dentists advocate this new type of dentifrice. Not because of its remarkable whitening action, but for its complete correction of acid mouth. 'Milk of Magnesia' neutralizes the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Tartar does not form, either, when Phillips' Dental Magnesia keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

It's the amazing whitening properties that really won the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, but noticeably white teeth are a great asset to men, too. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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SONGO (Cupsules) prevent sea sickness, Motor, Air, or Rail sickness; it NEVER Fails. 1, 2 and 5/6 Chemists or Post Free. Vendex Ltd., 189, Pitt St., Glasgow.

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Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

WARM WEATHER HEART WEAKNESS

Don't Risk a Collapse

DOES your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this? Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days.

Send at once for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632.

Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

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For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take it!

The Wonder Tablet

-And Stop Limping

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood*. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"

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"*Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling.*"

"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"

"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"

"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better.*"

"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"

"*Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering, age 66.*"

"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"

"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"

"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"

"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved.*"

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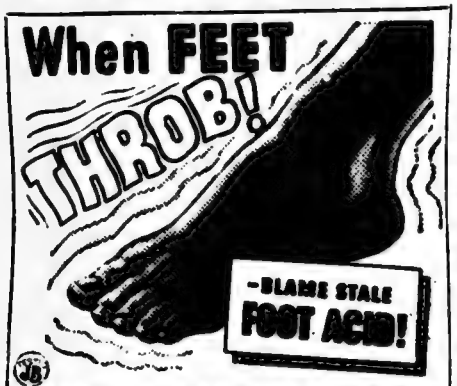

Every time those nagging, agonising pains trouble your poor old feet, make them throb and burn until you want to kick your shoes off in the street — blame Stale Foot Acid. This crippling condition of the feet begins in the skin-pores. Your feet have 3,000 pores to every square inch of skin. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. No wonder people with acid feet get weary, irritable, depressed. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per ten ounce pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

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The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

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6D., 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin. Tubes 4/6 Sold Everywhere.

MARRIAGE on the ROCKS

"A wife should not marry unless she intends to give her husband a fair deal"

MY husband and I are living under the same roof, but we might as well be miles apart.

He never shows me the slightest affection, although at one time he cared deeply for me.

The trouble has arisen through his infatuation for a young lady at his firm, though I gather that she does not want his attentions.

Now he says he doesn't mind what happens, as he can never be happy again.

I still love him, but I feel so miserable that sometimes I think the only way out is to end my life.

*

★ This girl must get the idea out of her head that life is hopeless. It isn't.

Though at present the shadows darken, the sun will shine again. And she can help to make it shine.

I imagine she has little to do except brood upon her problem. So she must find an escape from herself. Let her get a job, or do some voluntary work. Many a bruised heart has found consolation in service for others.

The result of this will be twofold.

Her outlook on life will be brighter; she will be able to treat her husband's infatuation for another girl with the indifference that is its greatest enemy.

Secondly, when he discovers that his wife has other interests, she may become all the more desirable in his eyes.

To betray the unhappiness she naturally feels, and thus encourage his sense of hopelessness, can only destroy the prospect of reconciliation.

Apron Strings

AFTER a few months of married life I am in despair about the future.

I love my wife dearly, but her family (with whom we live) dictate what I shall and shall not do.

I have a good job, and a few weeks ago made a home of our own. But my wife refused to leave her mother. She forgets that I had to leave mine.

I can't stand the constant nagging, in which my wife joins, and though I work hard I feel it is all for nothing.

*

★ This young man has my sympathy. Both his wife and her relatives are seriously to blame.

The latter should not encourage her to remain with them. And the former should remember her marriage vows. She should not have married unless she intended to give her husband a fair deal.

My correspondent must take a firm stand. He should insist on having his own home; he should tell his wife that if she refuses to join him he will engage a housekeeper. That, I hope, will bring her to her senses.

Deserting Wife

A FORTNIGHT ago I came home from work to find that my wife had left me, taking our little boy.

She complains that I was out too much. I'm afraid that is true, for in addition to my ambulance work I have been engaged on A.R.P., and the two have taken up six nights a week.

She also accuses me of going about with other girls. I admit having been seen with one, but that was within a few yards of my door, which should convince any sensible person that there was no harm in it.

I love my wife and boy very much. Could you advise me how to get them back? I have sent her money which she has not acknowledged, and I will gladly do anything she wants to make her happy.

*

★ This man apparently knows where his wife is living. He should see her and tell her frankly that he is sorry for his past neglect and will mend his ways if she will return.

If, as I hope, the appeal succeeds, he must keep his word. He should be careful in his conduct with other girls. He should not go out so many evenings, even though his time has been devoted to public service.

Charity begins at home. His wife and child should be his first, not his last, consideration.

Wife in Name Only

WHEN our little girl was five months old, my husband came home from work one night, packed his clothes and walked out without a word.

I discovered later that he had gone back to his mother.

That was two years ago, and he has remained with her ever since.

I summoned him for desertion and receive eighteen shillings a week, but that is poor consolation for losing the man I love.

To make it more bitter, our child is his image; yet when he sees her in the street he will not speak or even look our way. Now I am waiting to enter hospital for an operation.

*

★ Has this girl told me the whole story? Had there been a quarrel? Was there some other woman to account for this man leaving his wife and child? It seems incredible that he should go off at a moment's notice without cause.

Whether that was so or not, his wife wants him back. And the last sentence in her letter indicates a possible method of approach.

An operation demands that barriers and misunderstandings should be broken down. Would not her doctor act as an intermediary? He could appeal to the husband and his mother. Sympathy alone should bring the estrangement to an end.

And once the breach has been healed that little girl—despite her father's present coldness—will almost certainly play a part in leading them to a new life together.

"Humanist"

invites you to send him your private worry. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

"The Greatest of These"

Jen

WHEN Mrs. Watson, of Edinburgh, heard her doctor order plenty of rest and extra nourishment she smiled. It was a grim smile, for she has to keep herself and two children, Jen and Christina, on less than a pound a week.

In 1934 she underwent an operation which has left her an almost helpless invalid, unable to do much for her family. Her husband, although serving in the Army from 1914 to 1920, has no pension, and was working in a Labour Camp until recently the Public Assistance Committee sent for him to look after his wife and two children.

Will you help this plucky woman who for so long has battled against ill-health and poverty?

* * *

Donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please mark your envelope "Jen." Donations to the Fund are not subject to any deductions for administration, all these expenses being borne by JOHN BULL.

Band Competition

MANY in JOHN BULL's great family, given a holiday-with-pay for the first time this year, are now wondering where to go.

Maybe you have already decided.

But wherever you go and whatever you do, you will be able to spend profitable hours aiming at the fortune in the *Daily Herald's* great free £2,500 Holiday Music Programme Competition. It offers you a £2,000 first prize for choosing, from a list of twenty-eight well-known musical items, twelve which would provide the best programme for a seaside military band concert.

Everyone knows the twenty-eight tunes—they're all familiar through the radio, films, stage and screen and seaside bandstand.

So start choosing your programmes now by filling in the FREE entry form on page 3 of this issue. Don't miss this golden opportunity—it may mean that your holiday-with-pay will lead to a fortune!

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YOUR P.C. BRINGS THIS COMPLETE OUTFIT AND SAMPLES ABSOLUTELY

FREE!

LISTEN! I want 500 "John Bull" readers (I welcome ladies as well as gentlemen) for a most dignified agency, and no matter where you live, no matter how much time you can devote to it, I guarantee that you will bless the day you spent a penny to get the free working outfit and samples—a box containing the most original, novel and quick-selling lines in printed stationery, all at unheard-of-before prices. Yet, in spite of the phenomenal value, half your cash takings belong to you—you make 6d. in every 1/-, and in addition I offer you

A CASH BONUS OF £2

to set you on your feet. Common sense tells you I could not pay you that sum and send you an expensive outfit without cost or obligation unless I knew positively that you could make money straightaway. You'll be astonished at the amazing values when you open the box (which includes the Cash Bonus Cheque for £2), and so will everyone else. Remember, I do not ask one penny for the sample outfit, nor do I want it returned, but please apply quickly, mentioning "John Bull" on your p.c., and address me personally.

A. HERBERT (Messrs. A. HERBERT & Co.), Albert Grove, Bristol, 5.

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To: SOCCER KING, Dept. J.B., Stadium Works, Wembley, Middlesex.

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LIKE YOU, I wanted a job which would bring me in a pound or two extra every week—something to take up in spare time, and one day I spotted the advertisement of SEALON TEA CO., calling for Agents. The whole thing seemed so attractive that I started soon after getting the FREE particulars. We'll do I remember my first day's work. I wasn't cut out for selling anything, but here I had something good to offer—honest value in TEAS. Everybody wants that! Soon my spare-time work took up the whole of the day, and since then I have never looked back. MY WEEKLY EARNINGS ARE NOW ASSURED. Now, just you think. Everybody drinks tea, and every housewife, too, wants to save money. Once you gain a customer you have a regular order week by week. For smallest possible outlay you can start your own business! You canvass where you like, work when you like, making good money all the time.

Do as many others have already done, and get into the money-making Tea business—there's big scope everywhere, and the famous SEALON TEAS have the reputation of being the teas that GIVE REAL SATISFACTION. Good-class printed leaflets (in colour) with your name and address are supplied. LET US SEND YOU CONVINCING PROOF AND PARTICULARS OF HOW TO MAKE MONEY AS OTHER AGENTS ARE DOING. WRITE NOW TO—

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BRANCH OF HIGHCO STORES

Write for particulars to-day.

The Bride who wouldn't be Left!

"In vain I splashed the water. But they swam relentlessly towards me"

Reader's Story by Mrs. Edith Walley

72, The Hundred, Romsey, Kent. Registered Reader No. X954,988

WHEN I crept on board the dirty collier—a woman stowaway, peering through the darkness at midnight—it was the beginning of an adventure whose end I could not foresee.

I was a young bride, married only a few weeks, with my husband serving in the Navy.

He had come home on short leave. We were exquisitely happy. But, alas! the inevitable hour arrived when he left me to rejoin his ship in the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow.

A few hours later I made a secret resolve to follow him to Orkney. The only means was as a stowaway.

Spurred onwards by heartache, I went to the Newcastle-on-Tyne docks and hung about for many hours.

Then luck favoured me. I heard that a large collier was leaving for Scapa Flow that very night.

Presently a pleasant-looking man smoking a pipe came down the gangway.

I stepped forward. "Excuse me," I began. "Are you an officer on this ship, please?"

"I'm the captain's steward," he answered. "I'm taking several messages to men in the Fleet. If you——"

"No, no," I interrupted eagerly, "I want to take my own message. I want to sail with you!"

"Impossible," he said smiling.

"BUT as a stowaway? Please, can't it be done?"

He whistled softly and looked me up and down.

"It can't be done, lassie."

"It can, it can," I cried. "I must see him at all costs! I've only just been married!"

"My dear young lady," he said kindly, "you may be a spy for all I know."

I convinced him of my bona-fides and saw he was beginning to weaken. When I offered him £5 to hide me he wavered; the sight of the notes decided him.

Late that night, disguised in man's clothes, I met him near the ship, and we got on board safely.

My friend certainly looked after me well. For three days we rolled and pitched about the North Sea.

At last we tied up by the pier of Long Hope Harbour, within sight of the Grand Fleet. For hours I lay alternately elated and depressed. Would I see Jack, after all?

At last Stacy came to my hiding-place. "Come along," he whispered, "the coast is clear."

He produced an oilskin and a sou'wester; then stuffed a packet of sandwiches into my pocket.

"YOU may want them," he said. "Follow me carefully. It's raining cats and dogs." When we reached the end of the pier he pointed to a solitary cottage, about a mile distant.

"When you get there, say I sent you. They're friends of mine and will look after you well."

Scarcely had he gone when a storm of blinding rain swept down, blotting out the entire landscape.

When it eased a little I set out to find the cottage.

It was no longer to be seen.

Ridiculous! It must be there. I began to walk in the direction which I thought Stacy had indicated. As I plodded on, mile after mile through the heavy rain, without seeing either habitation or man, I realised I was lost.

Now thoroughly exhausted, I felt like sinking down to earth, when through the darkness there loomed a building. It looked like a chapel or church. Closer view showed I was right—but what a church!

Deserted and derelict. A watery moon throwing a few hasty gleams of light through the scudding clouds revealed an edifice partly roofless and with fallen masonry.

The door, swinging on its hinges, creaked ominously, I ventured inside. A pulpit bearing the effigy of an angel stood intact, and also half a dozen rows of rotten pews.

But the pews seemed to be in motion! Or was it a delusion? No, for a surge of water proved that the interior was flooded.

Cold, wet, hungry, lost, utterly exhausted—what was I to do? I could not stay in this eerie place. Then a crash as the door was blown in showed that the storm was rising again. Best to stay there for the present! Hastily I clambered into one of the floating pews, which, if not dry, were at least above the flood.

I confess I cried miserably. Why had I embarked on this fool's errand?

Mercifully, I fell asleep. How long I know not, certainly not for very long. I awoke shivering but ravenous, and remembered the sandwiches Stacy had given me. Placing my hand in my pocket to bring out the packet, I felt something warm—then a vicious bite.

I SCREAMED. A rat scuttled away! An outburst of squeaks added to my terror. My eyes now accustomed to the darkness, I saw not one or two, but a swarm, of vermin creeping towards me.

Panic-stricken, I threw the whole packet of sandwiches at them. For a moment they scuttled away. Then the place became alive with them, fighting viciously for the food. They were ravenous, starving.

One boldly ran towards my pocket. With a shudder of disgust, I picked up the horrid creature and threw him into the water. Others pressed forward.

Despairingly, I sprang up and, using all my strength, toppled over the pew into the water.

But they swam relentlessly towards me.

Knee-deep in water, chilled to the bone, frightened out of my life, I splashed the water, hoping to scare them away.

In vain. They reached me and jumped at my pocket.

Striking wildly at them with the leg of a pew that had rotted away, I held them at bay. But how much longer could I hold out? I was on the verge of collapse and about to sink into the black water when suddenly a sweetly cold wind blew in my face.

Thank God! I had stumbled through a breach of the walls. In the east, grey dawn was breaking.

Coming towards me was a man with a cartload of peat. My dreadful nightmarish walk was ended: I remembered no more.

When I awoke, Jack was leaning over me. I had been carried to the cottage I had tried to find. For weeks I was ill as the result of the exposure and fright—but I had Jack.

And that mattered most.

Just a Human Story

A Cup of Water...

THEY told me my husband was dead.

Then they hurried me off to bed with a severe nervous breakdown.

There were no relatives within miles, so my four babies were left to the care of any Samaritan good enough to look in.

For five weeks I was bedridden and then, as soon as I had staggered up again, they took my wee sonny, aged three, to a distant isolation hospital with diphtheria of the windpipe.

Crazy, and weak as I was, I rushed into the ambulance through a heavy downpour, with thin house-shoes on, no coat, no hat—just a demented creature blind to all discomforts.

The hospital was four miles away. They invited me to await the result of an operation. I sat frozen in an ice-cold room for three hours. A stir, and somebody was telling me the operation was over, I could go, and where could they 'phone me if I should be wanted?

I groped my way to the door, remembered that I hadn't a ha'penny in the pocket of my thin house-clothes, turned to the matron with my story.

Her face hardened as she listened. She drew herself up haughtily. "Oh, we don't do that kind of thing here," she said.

Thin house shoes, no coat, no hat! Sick, demented, I dragged my limbs that weary four miles homeward.

At midnight I approached my door, afraid of the world and everybody in it.

A woman—a woman I did not know—rose from my fireside.

The fire she had made for me, I noticed, was leaping high.

On the hob my kettle was singing as it had never sung before.

Without gush, without fuss, she got me to the fire and made me tea.

My sonnie pulled through after twenty weeks—so nothing else matters.

But ever since a phrase I once read recurs in my memory:

"If it's only in the name of a cup of cold water."

Reader Mrs. Redman, Addison Road, Derby.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Ebor and Gimcrack Next

WITH the Goodwood meeting behind us, there is no race of outstanding importance until the Ebor Handicap and Gimcrack Stakes at York late in August.

The "Ebor" is a distance race over 1½ miles; the "Gimcrack" a six-furlongs affair. Both are events of much traditional interest. Yorkshire turns out to a man to witness these contests, and one fully realises it if a horse trained in the county of broad acres passes the winning-post first!

In reply to the correspondent who has faith in a system and wishes to know the best way to vet it, I suggest a level stake; but should he desire to add a point to his stake after each loser, let him do so on bets as a whole and not on individual horses. In this way the good horses help to pay for the bad, and one is not likely to meet with a long sequence of losers.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

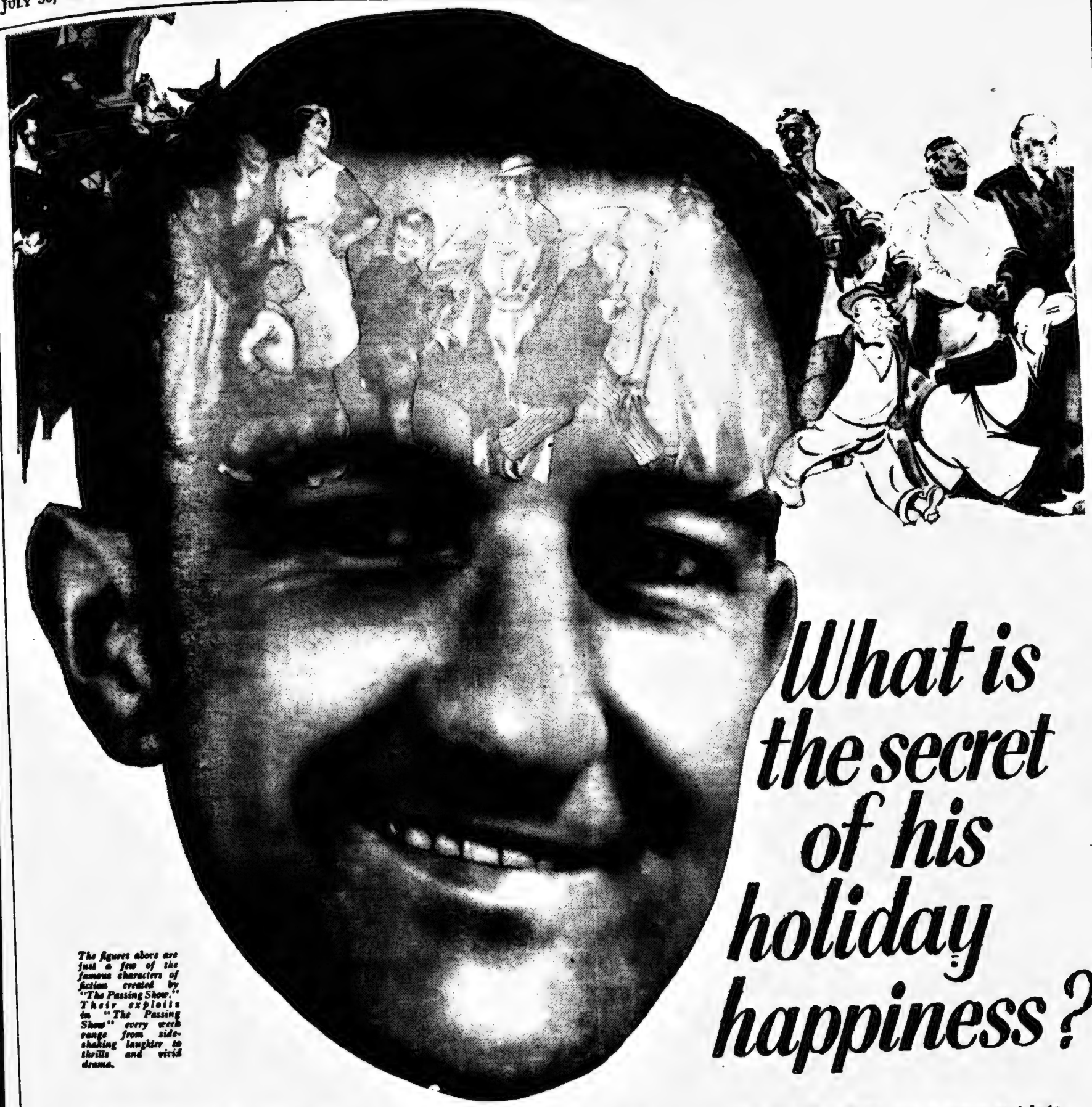
The Code covers racing from Thursday, July 28, to Wednesday, August 3.

H A K X U Z P 98 N 96 G E D V B J
I 95 S O Y 97 L T W F 94 M R Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: B95DPXDM would read CARLORE.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted, IYK295D would read HUSSAR.

A STRAIGHT TIP
OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT with COPE'S
The convenience and privacy of a Credit Account are offered to all Sportsmen and Sportswomen. Any amount may be invested at Ante-Post Prices or at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.
NO LIMIT
NO LIMIT for Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts; and NO LIMIT to the amount that may be won.
Commissions accepted by Telephone, Telegram or Letter.
Telephone: CENtral 2030 & 4030 (Private Branch Exchanges)
Telegrams: CHIPPY-TELEX-LONDON
FILL THIS IN TO-DAY
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age.
Name
J.B.30/7/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £
DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON E.C.4



The figures above are just a few of the famous characters of fiction created by "The Passing Show." Their exploits in "The Passing Show" every week range from side-shaking laughter to thrills and vivid drama.

What is the secret of his holiday happiness?

THE trouble with the world is that we all worry too much. Our minds are full of work, bills, headaches, catching trains and losing them: who's going to win this and why did so-and-so do that. When we get a day off, a fortnight's holiday, a spare week-end, or even ten minutes in the garden, we still carry our worries with us. We don't make the most of our leisure . . . ***Now, here's a happy man!*** You can see he's got something on his mind, too—***but it's not worry!*** He's typical of a few hundred thousand other sensible souls who have discovered a weekly cure for the blues. They forget their woes and occupy their minds with the adventures and exploits of many of the greatest and most lovable characters in modern fiction. In short, they take "The Passing Show" regularly, and read it every moment they get a chance—it's so easy to ***get into*** with its thrilling short stories, articles and masterly Joke drawings. They find "The Passing Show" always bright, modern, intriguing, exciting—in fact, it is the greatest value in entertainment to be obtained for 2d. at bookstalls or newsagents or anywhere else. ***Why not try it for a while*** and see for yourself what its happy pages can mean to you? From now onwards for the next few weeks "The Passing Show" will contain some of the finest Holiday reading ever published by any weekly Journal. Start now to enjoy it! Get this week's issue! Banish your cares and get a laugh and thrill out of your spare time. It'll do you and every member of the family a world of good!

PASSING SHOW

All Photogravure—Every Friday, 2d.

PENSION, FORTUNE and HOLIDAY PRIZES for John Bull ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE Plus £300 Cash and HOLIDAY WEEK

FOR TWO AT YOUR FAVOURITE SEASIDE RESORT

119

FINE 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY FIRST · · OR LUMP SUM OF £600

£100 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP AND UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

ADDED HOLIDAY BONUS AWARDS for RUNNERS-UP SUBMITTING 2 (OR MORE) 6d. ENTRIES

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, August 6, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

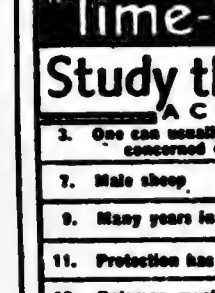
4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 18. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 23, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 34.



X-WORD No. 116.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square on left.

Reasons for Committee's findings appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

4 WINNERS SHARE 2,500 GUINEAS IN CROSSWORD No. 116

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 116 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Solo of Answers for our Square (see on left) were the following 4 competitors:—

L. DAWBER, 5, ORMROD STREET, BURY, LANCS.
MISS V. EDWARDS, 82, VALEWOOD ROAD, ERDSLEY, KENT.
H. PELHAM, 42, MIDDLE LANE, HORNSEY, N.8.
MISS A. TUPPER, FLAT 12, LINDSAY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of 2,500 Guineas and a cheque for £656 6s. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 2, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £300 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 18 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £11 2s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

WINNERS' WORDS.

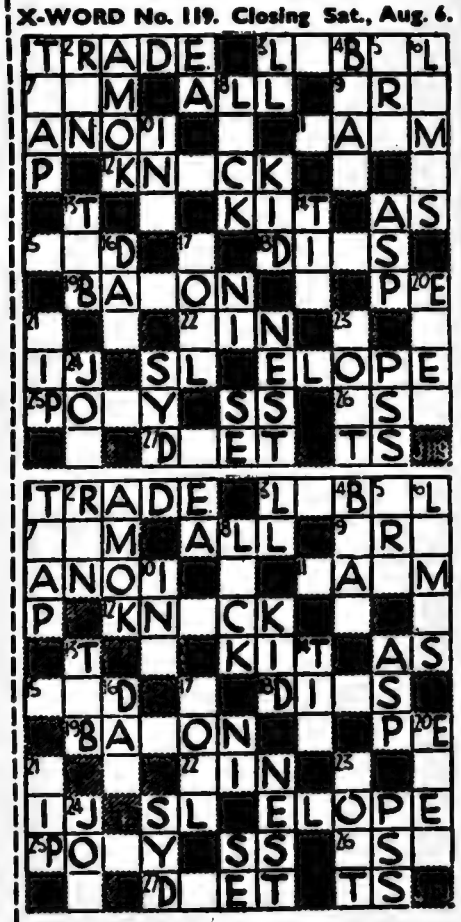
ACROSS.—1. HELPS. 4. CARD. 9. PALE. 7. AIT. 8. ARC. 10. DIET. 12. STAR. 15. FOOL. 17. TIP. 21. AIT. 22. SUN. 24. GREY.
DOWN.—1. HEARS. 2. BAR. 3. SAWS. 5. DITTO. 6. CHAT. 11. SPIER. 13. FLOR. 14. TIER. 16. OLD. 18. EVE. 19. MAP. 20. GOAT. 21. MERU. 22. DRAG. 23. SLY.

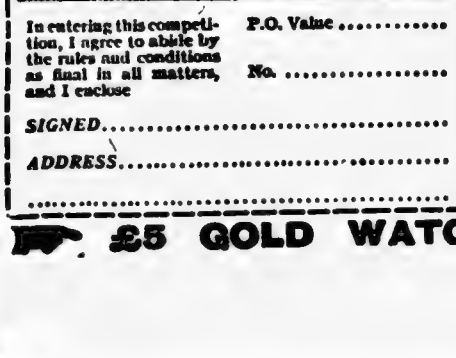
HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 119. Closing Sat., Aug. 6.





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 119. Closing Sat. Aug. 6.

Study these Clues

ACROSS

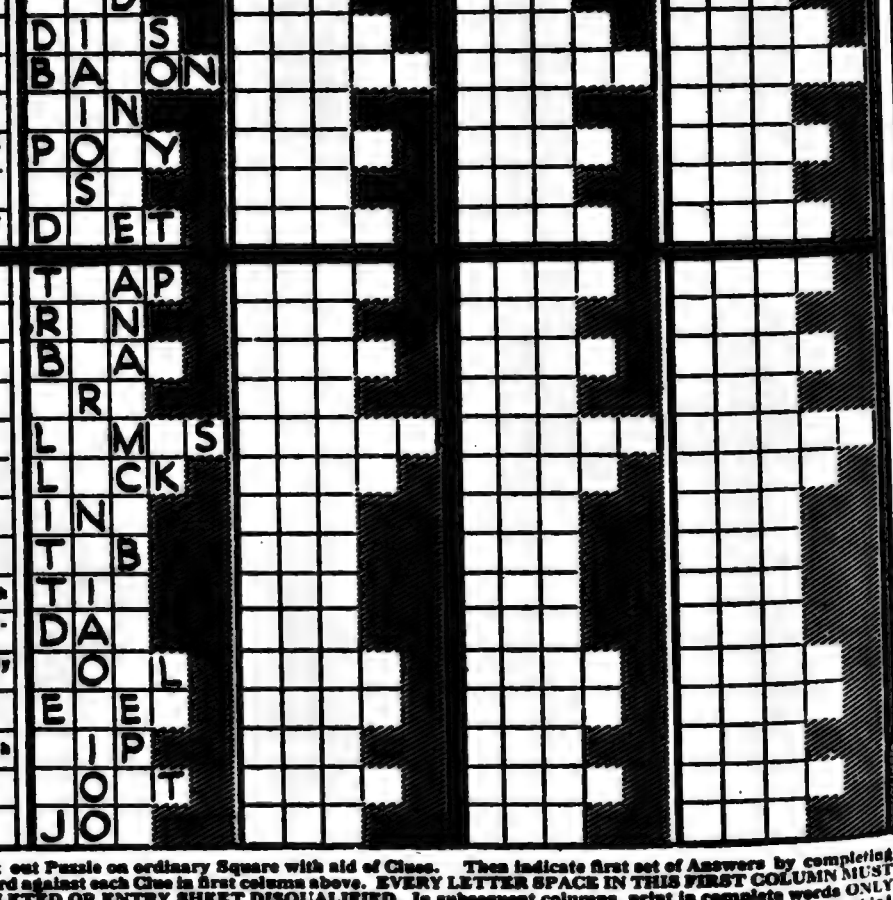
3. One can usually understand it when man concerned objects to this
7. Male sheep
9. Many years in operas
11. Protection has saved this in some cases
12. Batsman must have this to score runs
15. It's unusual to pick one for a bouquet
18. Average landlady makes a lot of
19. Some people prefer this served hot for breakfast
22. Gain victory
25. Wife would be delighted to be given this by husband
26. Donkey
27. It's advisable for opera stars to study closely

DOWN

1. Snare
2. Married in Rangoon
4. Is cut up when not wanted
5. Go astray
6. Better if provided with shade
8. Good turn of wheel tests this
10. In which plots are commonly hatched
13. Small cask
14. Is sometimes forecast of football match
16. One at sports would probably be welcomed by most schoolboys
17. Some poultry farmers keep one specially for eggs
20. Shepherd's are usually good ones
21. Busy barman has to serve customers with
23. Sculler takes off when he goes on river
24. Funny man's is to make people laugh

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE First work out Puzzle on ordinary Square with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at these points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 119 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 119, "JOHN BULL," 87, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).
("BULLETS" MAY BE ENCLOSED—SEE "BULLETS" PAGE.)

£5 GOLD WATCHES FREE—Send P.C. for "Crossword Gazette," which contains full details.

Birth of a Mighty Liner

An army of men laboured to build her in record time; to-day, the biggest passenger liner ever launched from an English yard, she will slip smoothly down to the sea

MARINE history will be made on Merseyside when the 33,000-ton liner *Mauretania*, largest passenger vessel ever built in an English shipyard, glides down the slipway from the famous shipbuilding yard of Cammell Laird, Birkenhead.

The launching ceremony will be broadcast, but few of those who listen to it will appreciate the work involved, for the building and launching of a liner is a miracle of engineering skill.

Yet, despite the size and intricacy of the ship, the *Mauretania* has been built in record time. Her first plate was laid down 14 months ago, and since then 17,000 tons of steel have been built into her structure.

Long before a single rivet could be hammered home, the experts were hard at work deciding the most difficult problem of all—design—and working out, on plans, all the necessary details of passenger accommodation, speed, type of machinery, and a host of other problems.

Having decided upon the rough outline that the finished ship would take, they proceeded to test models, made of wax and canvas, in a tank holding 1½ million gallons of water.

8,000 Tests

Some idea of the thoroughness of these tests can be gauged from the fact that before a single plate was ordered, 22 models, each 18 feet long, were put through no fewer than 8,000 tests.

Then came the task of producing the huge mass of blue prints, based on the results obtained from the testing tank.

These prints reproduced every detail of the finished vessel, and from them the builders placed their orders for the material required.

Now the job began in earnest. Up in a huge shed, known as the moulding loft, draughtsmen reproduced, to actual size, the curves and shapes of the plates needed for the finished hull.

These curves, drawn in chalk on the immense floor, acted as guides to the carpenters who made wooden patterns (known as templates) of each of them.

The templates, each carefully numbered and marked, were used in the final shaping of the plates.

Hearts of Oak

A mass of steel now began to pour into the shipyard. The slipway became a hive of activity.

This slipway, an expanse of rigid concrete, has to stand on a foundation that would not give a fraction of an inch to the huge mass of steel reared upon it. It also has to slope down to the water, so that the ship would slide off—but too steep a slope would have meant disaster.

In the middle of the slipway, spaced about four feet apart, baulks of oak were placed so as to stand on top of one another to a height of about five feet.

These were the keel blocks on which the keelplate was to be laid. As a number of them had to be knocked away before the actual launch, iron wedges were inserted between the timbers.

The keel plate, the foundation from which every ship is built up, was a long, narrow strip of steel. Soon after it was laid down, the hull began to take shape. Girders and beams rose up from it, and the many hundreds of plates that went to form the hull and decks were riveted into position.

But the keel plate and keel blocks could not alone support the growing weight of steel, so shores, or props of timber, were wedged in under the lower part of the hull so as to distribute the increasing pressure over a large area of the slipway.

The work went on smoothly. There was no fuss, no excitement. At last, preparations were made for the launch.

Colossal Cradle

Contrary to popular belief, a ship does not slide into the water down a well-oiled groove. She slips into her native element in a cradle of wood, and no part of the hull ever touches the slipway. The enormous friction that would be set up, if it *did* touch, could do tremendous damage.

The construction of this wooden cradle calls for amazing skill and care, for it is actually a mass of wedges and small timbers all dovetailed into one another, and together capable of taking the weight of thousands of tons.

On each side of the concrete slipway stands a long wall of timber, divided into two sections.

The lower section, known as the ground-way, is a fixture, while the upper section, known as the sliding-way, is movable. It is on this that the ship goes down into the water.

The Great Day

And so the great day arrives, bringing with it the prospect of a big thrill for thousands, but intense anxiety for a few men.

They are the launching master and foremen shipwrights, upon whom rests the responsibility of a successful launch, and they spend hours before the ceremony going round the slipway to check up every small detail.

And now the lady who is to christen the vessel steps forward. She names the ship, wishes good fortune to all who sail in her, and breaks the traditional bottle of wine against the bows.

The bottle, incidentally, has always been secured by a lanyard ever since the occasion when a lady of rank flung the bottle at the ship she was launching, missed her mark, injured a spectator with the missile, and was sued for damages!

As the trickle of wine pours down the new liner's stem, a gaily-coloured launching rope is cut or the launching lever is pulled to release the trippers.

Tremendous Push

But the ship may refuse to move of her own accord. To guard against such stubbornness, massive hydraulic rams are fixed up near the bows. At the moment the ceremony is completed, the two rams give the wooden cradle a gentle, but enormously powerful push.

This is the climax to 14 months' work. As the hull rushes into its native element, different parts of the wooden cradle break away and can be seen bobbing up around the ship. They are promptly retrieved for future use.

High up on the new vessel's bows, a launching crew stand by with ropes and hawsers, and as the sternward rush dies out a small army of tugs close in to take control of the monster.

The towing ropes are made fast, and the huge hull is gently pulled into the fitting-out basin, where nine months will be spent installing the other equipment that goes to the making of the finished liner.

Then will come the speed trials and, it is hoped, the new bearer of a proud name will be ready for service in time for the great New York World's Fair next year.

What's Your Choice?

B	A		O	N

One letter is wanted in the space above to complete a word answering the Clue, "Some people prefer this served hot for breakfast." *Which would you select?*

As soon as you have settled this little problem, turn to page 32, find apt Answers to each of the other common-sense Clues for this week's JOHN BULL *Crossword, and your sensational reward may well be £5 Monthly for Life, £300 and a glorious Free Holiday.*

ODOURLESS Hair Remover

At last, a depilatory that *works entirely without odour!* Bu-to, a dainty white cream, quickly removes unwanted hair — leaves your skin cool, fragrant, satin-smooth—discourages coarse regrowth. No irritation. No embarrassing odour. *Bu-to does not smell because it cannot smell.* As pleasant to use as your face cream!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST

Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour — or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

1/6 PLUS 1/6

Bū-to

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

odourless

BUTYWAVE CO., LONDON, S.W.1.

STOMACH SUFFERERS NOW EAT HEARTILY

If you have to be careful what you eat, if you have to refuse all your favourite foods while you watch others enjoying pickles, salads, pastry, and all the things you like best, here is good news for you.

Men and women who have suffered the pangs of Indigestion for years, some who could not eat any solid food, now eat anything, thanks to MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.

It is recognised by hospitals and doctors as being ideal for curing the worst forms of stomach trouble, and it ends pain and distress, brings peace and comfort after eating, and relieves even the most obstinate cases. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. Look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is only genuine if this signature appears on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d. Never sold loose.

Perfumes made from Kitchen Coal!

Who would imagine that the alluring, flower-scented perfumes used by milady of Mayfair came from huge lumps of black kitchen coal! Read the facts in "Men Who Imitate Nature" in the August issue of "Armchair Science."

Fireproof clothing tailored from finely spun glass. Forest fires checked by DYNAMITE! Scientists already *know* what you'd be likely to find in the centre of the earth! Where is the certain town in which you daren't drop a box of matches lest it bursts into flames!

These and more wonders are fully discussed in the August "Armchair Science," the magazine of invention and science. **Seventeen Special Articles, many illustrations, 16 regular features, 100 pages.** Get your copy now, from your nearest local newsagent, or write direct to "Armchair Science," Dept. J.B.4, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing 6d. postal order or stamps.

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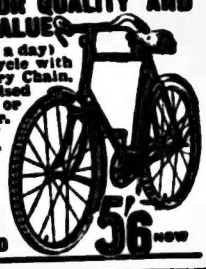

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,

Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

CROSSWORD No. 119.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

PRESENTED on page 32 is the 119th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 18, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to "Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

SKIN DISEASES

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose-eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only think Elasto Tablets for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, **and my skin is as soft as velvet.** I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . "(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, **which dissolve instantly on the tongue,** and it is the pleasantest, cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with a generous **Free Sample,** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

ELASTO (Dept. 15.A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Put the Lid On It—
Forgetting Foreman Down Man-hole!

The Editor Laughs Last

MAISIE (Torquay).—"I used to be a chorus girl, but cannot now remember all that I appeared in." Very little, we imagine.

J. M. (Romford).—"What is the best way to treat bees that are apparently ailing?" With marked respect.

V. L. (Hull).—"My wife's motto is, 'What I have I hold.'" Her tongue included?

T. P. (Andover).—"On reflection, there is a lot to be said for gas fires." And electric stoves certainly have their points.

T. V. (Hendon).—"After all, what does the usual fortnight's holiday really amount to for a tired worker?" Fourteen days.

T. M. (Thirsk).—"Many of the unemployed around here are taking up growing potatoes." It must be very annoying for the farmers.

P. M. (Hove).—"If a woman is wise she uses soap to stop ladders in her stockings." And if she is artful she uses soft soap to get a new pair.

* * *

ATHLETE (Whitby).—"I ran away with the mile challenge cup at the sports." Unless you won the race, we advise you to return it.

R. N. (Morden).—"After shopping all the afternoon with my wife, I suggested that we should take the train home." Hadn't you enough to carry as it was?

ACROBAT (Balham).—"We have found it necessary to rehearse our new triple somersault several times a day." Over and over again.

G. B. (Malvern).—"I am all in favour of an all-round speed-up in the telephone service." Good heavens. Don't you get the wrong number quick enough now?

R. C. (Colne).—"I am sure my tennis has improved this summer." Well, carry on with the good work and try to improve the winter with your football.

K. F. (Elstree).—"I was startled last night to hear nine shots fired next door in rapid succession, and then a peculiar rustling noise." The cat must have got away with all its lives intact?

● If you are troubled by any matter—except of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

CREWE CHRONICLE:—"Stone spent almost two YEARS in compiling 62 runs."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Compton and Hutton each made a COUNTRY in his first Test v. Australia."

GLASGOW DAILY RECORD:—"An open cycle race will see in action all the POTABLE stars. . . ."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—". . . with a handicap of six inches, won the high jump (handicap) with a jump of SIX INCHES."

NORTH EASTERN GAZETTE:—". . . who was alleged to have STARED off a 'bus while the passengers were in the process of alighting."

LOUTH AND NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"The FUNERAL arrangements for the garden fête on August 2nd were discussed."

R. B. (Esher).—"No home is complete without a puppy." Or with.

G. O. (Newbury).—"When a man is on holiday, nothing damps his spirits so much as rain." What about soda-water?

A. K. (Cardiff).—"They ask quite a lot for the rent of the flat I live in." How often?

MRS. N. (Bedford).—"I wish I could reduce the size of my housekeeping bills." Have you tried snipping round the edges with a pair of scissors?

MRS. B. (Broadstairs).—"My lodger is not satisfied, although I give him four meals a day with a bath thrown in." Well, why not try passing it in quietly?

S. W. R. (London, N.).—"I've resigned from the nudist camp to which I belonged. I couldn't stand the back-biting that took place there." Gossip or mosquitoes?

AVIATOR (Croydon).—"I lost a lot of my good reputation through my failure in an air race, in which I was compelled to make a forced landing." A come-down for you!

D. G. (Lytham).—"I have some really good wine in my cellars, but I am told that I should not allow it to get any older." It won't, if you send it along to us.

* * *

ARTISTE (Brighton).—"There is often a long queue waiting for my appearance." You shouldn't take so long over your bath.

T. J. (Leeds).—"The other day I was astonished to see a man walking the streets clad only in newspapers, and he told me he was a poet." Fulfilling a desire to appear in print?

D. N. (Dover).—"The boatman tried to convince me that the punt was in sound condition, but by giving it a kick I proved there was no truth in his argument." You knocked the bottom out of it?

C. B. (Finchley).—"Many typists in badly lit offices suffer from eye-strain." Larger clocks seem to be indicated.

L. H. (Hitchin).—"My wife is always sending to Paris for her hats." How careless of her to leave them there.

T. L. (Redcar).—"Nobody has a right to play the saxophone to the annoyance of the neighbours." But is there any other way of playing it?

* * *

PROFESSOR (Cambridge).—"Women seem to grasp things much more quickly than men." So you've been along to the summer sales?

R. W. (Byker).—"The emporium I was recently employed at caught a woman trying to get away with fifty yards of elastic." And now she's in for a long stretch?

D. R. (London, E.).—"I spoke sharply to my neighbour's young son about his habit of mimicking me, but he only laughed." You told him not to act like a fool?

EX-WARDER (Manchester).—"A surprising number of convicts find it difficult to write their own name." Although some are quite expert at writing other people's.

ANDY (Chester).—"I followed a friend's advice to count as far as I could to induce sleep. I eventually counted one hundred thousand." And then it was time to get up?

* * *

AUNTIE (Margate).—"My little nephew would not kiss me, and, even when I said that I'd give him twopence, he refused. I felt very hurt indeed." But the youngster can get more than that for taking castor-oil.

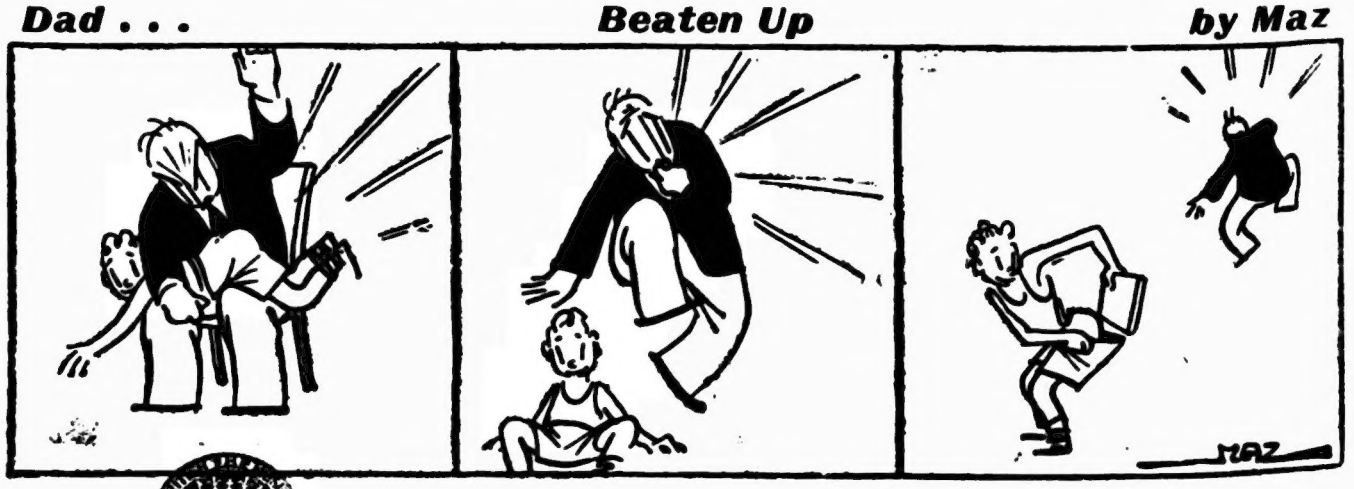
P. G. B. (Leeds).—"My hopes of a holiday have gone west." Turn East to page 35 and you can win £300; then go South for a free seaside holiday and North for a trip to Glasgow's Empire Exhibition as JOHN BULL'S guest.

HEADMASTER (London, S.W.).—"To prove to the inspector how well fed my boys are, I'm going to show him a third-former who scales fourteen stone at the age of twelve." He will doubtless add weight to your argument.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

"The umpire don't know 'is job."
"Don't 'e? 'Is job is butler to that bloke 'oo's batting!"
—From the "Passing Show."

Dad . . . Beaten Up by Maz



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£300

CASH AND DOUBLE HOLIDAY

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£50 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5

£4 £3 10 of £2-10 25 HOLIDAY FARES of 25/-

200 SPECIAL SURPRISE AWARDS value 5/- 6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

5,000,000 PEOPLE

have already marvelled at the wonders of the mighty Empire Exhibition. This week's Winner and chosen companion will not only enjoy a Seaside Week as "John Bull's" guests but visit the World's Greatest Show at Glasgow as well.

ENTER BY SAT. AUG. 6. FOR A WEEK BY THE SEA *AND* A TRIP TO THE EXHIBITION!!

ALREADY scores of *Bullets* competitors have won places in JOHN BULL'S 1938 Holiday Train. There is still room for you, if you are quick.

Enter the best *Bullet* for this week's seasonable Offer and your splendid 3-in-1 reward will consist of £300 in immediate cash, a glorious Free Holiday for Two *and* a trip to the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow.

This magnificent new First is supported by a batch of big Holiday Cheques, as well as Holiday Fares for 25 other winners and 6,200 other prizes. Moreover, make use as directed of the Free Coupon provided on this page and JOHN BULL will present you with a Bicycle (adult's or child's) to celebrate winning any of this Contest's chief 20 prizes.

'BULLETS' 1,128 RESULT

First Prize, £1 Weekly for Life plus Family Holiday, or £250 Cash:

E. B. DAVIES, 4, Church Street, Ammanford, S. Wales.

Example: COST OF A HOLIDAY
Bullet: HE DIDN'T TAKE, "TAKEN."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Second Prize, £50 plus Holiday:

J. CHAPMAN, 33, Kirkstone Avenue, Fulwell, Sunderland.
Example: Never Fails
Bullet: Never "Passes"—True Love.

Third Prize, £25 plus Holiday:

A. E. ASPEN, "Tavela," Upton Road, Old Bexley, Kent.
Example: Muddle—Muddle—Muddle
Bullet: Officials Even Triplicate That!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: C. OLIVER, 39, Markham Street, Chelsea, S.W.
Success's Plums—Panicky Won't Pick Any.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£9: G. B. SCOTT, 26, Beech Drive, Dalmuir, N.B.
When The Foreman's Away—Pags Glow—Gags Flow.

£8: W. J. VENESS, 24, St. Mary's Road, Hastings.
To Prevent War—After War—After Warmongers!

£7: Mrs. A. LINCOLN, Cock Inn, Stanton, Bury St. Edmunds.
L... Mother's Day—Kitchen, "College"—"Diploma," Marriage.

£6: A. CHEER, 32, Windsor Drive, Dartford, Kent.
Leave On The Pier—Sonny Finally Tried *Firearms!*

£5: E. BUDD, 60, The Parade, Pontypridd, Glam.
To Prevent War—Giant Task—Joint Task.

£4: Miss A. E. CHERRETT, 32, St. Mark's Road, East Howe, Bournemouth.
Cost Of A Holiday—"Expands" In August's "Crush."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 OF £3 EACH:

Mrs. M. BOLTON, High Street, Ayton, Berwick-Street.
Be Mother's Day—Bigger Families—*Children* Controlled.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

W. CATCHPOLE, 4a, Boundary Road, Walthamstow, E.
When The Foreman's Away—Gang "Repair" Across Road!

C. CHEETHAM, Chase Terrace, near Walsall.
Nessy Drowned—Without Adding Water, Nowadays!

G. L'HEAUME, Dormers, Ottways Lane, Ashtead, Surrey.
Found People—Neighbours—Only Borrow *Pounds!*

F. HARRIS, Mossy Lea, Greencroft, Annfield Plain, Co. Durham.
Legendbare—Religion, Needing "Sunday Clothes."

W. HOLMES, 47, Denstone Road, Salford.
British Tourist—Explains Everything—Tips Guide!

To make a *Bullet*, simply fit together TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, HIS CRIME, you had first scribbled, *Sleeping On Embankment Bench*. Then, realising that "sleeping on bench" has another meaning, you could readily produce the double-meaning *Bullet*, HIS CRIME—HE "SLEPT ON BENCH."

Before starting on your own efforts, study carefully the leading *Bullets* in our 1,128th Contest which appear on this page. Then start on the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, August 6.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

ROAR OF THE LION
VILLAIN MARS
TO DEFEND THE WEAK
BOMBSHELL FOR BELISHA
IN LIFE'S BACKWATER
PARTING FRIENDS
HE SAYS HE'S AN EXPERT, BUT
HIS CRIME
FELL INTO THE TRAP
BLISSFULLY
SEETHING WITH DISCONTENT
WHEN THE SUN CAME OUT
IN AN EMERGENCY
ANGRY WAVES
WRONG WAY ROUND
SONNY'S LETTER
TAKE HER TO THE PICTURES AND
DEPRESSED
GETTING CLOSER
WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE
NOT SO SIMPLE
NICE WORK
CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR
IN OUR COMPARTMENT
GRANDPA'S COMPLAINT
PLOUGHING THE SEAS
TO FIND THE MONEY
OUR FURNITURE
CLEAR
GILES'S PROBLEM
WOULDN'T HURT A FLY
IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

E. KERSHAW, 7, Leather Lane, Liverpool.
British Tourist — Schoolboy — Learning Friendships "Lessons."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. W. PICKERSGILL, 115, Union Road, Heckmondwike, Yorks.
Proud People — Prefer "Adversity's School" Private.

Miss A. TURLEY, 25, Keith Road, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough.
Enough To Make A Saint Swear—Customer's "What—Closing Already?"

E. E. VELLAM, 27, Meadow Road, Tonbridge, Kent.
In Mother's Day—Less Sin? Less Seen!

A list of 25 10s. and 200 3-in-1 Holiday Award winners can be seen at these Offices.

Save Money With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on postage and postage.

One Entries Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,132 and Crossword No. 129, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,132) P.O. No. .....

Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 6.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,132) P.O. No. .....

Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 6.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,132) P.O. No. .....

Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 6.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

FREE BICYCLE COUPON

No entry-fee for this Coupon if used as instructed—and Bicycle (adult's or child's) for its entrant with any published prize won in "Bullets" No. 1,132.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose THREE or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,132 all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,132 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,132, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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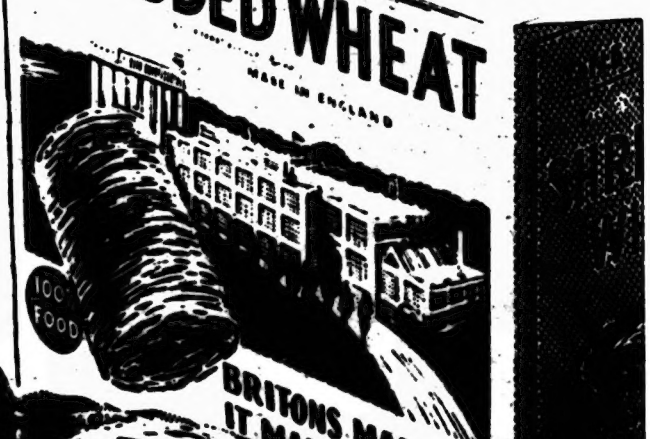

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